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SHE COMES NOT BACK.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

With cheer the genial spring returns,
And buds unfold, and birds rejoice,
Yet the quick ear no music earns
Sweet as the tones of her dear voice.

In dreams she hovers at my side,
With her bright face my eyes are blest,
And the glad gift to day denied
Now soothes the fever of my rest.

I clasp her hand in mine, 'tis warm,
I look in her clear eyes and seem
To feel again her word's deep charm
Making my dream more than a dream.

Yet e'en in sleep a strange unrest
Will thrill the heart with sudden pain,
And gloom becomes a fitting guest
That dims the gleams that cheat my brain.

Around the distant mountain's brow
Swift clouds in many a fleecy fold
Shift their warm colors, gilded now
With sunny tints of morning gold.

The waters of the lake glide 'round
Its green and lovely isles, and make
Upon the shore a murmuring sound
Where'er its dancing ripples break.

The tender buds burst into bloom,
And sunshine glimmers on the wave,
Yet not without a touch of gloom
It falls upon a sister's grave.

Not Mansfield, fair and proud of mien;
Nor Champlain's blue and clear expanse,
Floating around its islands green,
Filling the soul with soft romance.

Nor robin's song, nor trembling leaves,
Nor violets fresh from early showers,
Can win the heart from all it grieves,
All it has prized in happier hours.

Grief makes its low and sad complaint
While we toil up the mountain slope,
And yet, though dimmed by earthly taint,
We dwell in trust on one sweet hope.

The grave cannot retain its dead—
His ways to our poor eyes though dim,
We know we lose the tears we shed,
His children go in peace to Him.

Yet oft our eyes must sadly turn
Upon life's wavering homeward track,
For though spring's beauteous flowers return,
Her place is void, she comes not back.

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 30, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED.)

It was evidently the object of the villains to render their communications mysterious, even in the event of the cypher being read. But in the light of recent circumstances it was not difficult to guess their meaning, although the locality of "the crib" remained utterly unknown to Sedley, and its character unsuspected.

Arrived at Vinedell he was ushered at once into the presence of Mr. Benton, who sat, as usual, in his easy chair, actively engaged in writing and other business details.

It seemed, however, as if his health was gradually failing under the influence of the paralysis, which had deprived half his body of life. His face was paler and was growing thin, while occasionally he gave evidences of being in pain.

He looked up inquiringly to Sedley as he entered, supporting himself with his hands on the chair rounds.

"Good morning, Mr. Benton," said the operator, cheerfully. "I have two errands with you to-day. The first is to deliver you a telegraph dispatch which the Dover operator requested me to place in your hands, as I was coming up this way."

Benton looked keenly at him.

"You are Mr. Sedley, I believe?" he said.

"Yes. I was in the Dover office when this telegram came in. The messenger was missing, and as I was coming up this way I volunteered to deliver it."

"I am obliged to you," said Mr. Benton, still keeping his eyes fixed on the operator. "But you said you had some other business with me?"

"It is this," replied Sedley, taking a seat: "Mr. Lovelace was at my office yesterday morning. He had business calling him to Martinsville, and, as I told him I would be in Dover to-day, he desired me to call on you."

"With what object?"

"To learn if you had discovered anything in relation to his missing papers."

"Why did he not call himself?"

"That I did not ask him. He may expect to be absent for some time."

"What is his address in Martinsville?"

"Blank Street Hotel."

"You may send him word that I have found nothing, and do not expect to. I am more convinced than ever that the existence of those papers is a myth, and that he is an impostor."

"Is this latter information for my benefit, sir?"

"For the benefit of your friend. I wish him to know just how I regard his pretensions, and that I am not prepared to consider for a moment his preposterous claims."

There was a hard ring in his voice unusual with him. He was noted for his suavity of manner. But it was evident to Sedley that his softness was, in a measure at least, assumed, that his present hardness meant fight.

"All right, sir," replied Sedley, coolly. "It is a matter in which I have no concern. I will acquaint him with your opinion, so long as you desire it. By the way, I expect to return immediately to Dover, and will take back an answer to your message, if you have any to send."

Mr. Benton looked at the envelope which he had retained in his hand. He now opened it and drew out the slip of paper it contained. Sedley watched him covertly but keenly as his eye fell upon the writing, noticing a faint flush which appeared in his cheek, and instantly vanished.

Laying the paper on the table beside him he turned, saying:

"I will not impose on your good nature, Mr. Sedley. I am obliged to you, but may not have an answer ready for some time, and will send a servant in with it."

"Very well," said Sedley, rising and taking his hat. "I am in no hurry, though. I have an hour or two to kill, and have not yet read the morning news, so if it will accommodate you I will sit and look over the paper awhile."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Benton. "If it will not inconvenience you I will avail myself of your offer. I do not know yet if any answer is needed. Do you prefer the *Herald*?"

"If you please," answered Sedley, taking the proffered paper.

He had but one eye for the news, however, another for his host. As Mr. Benton turned to the table, and lifted his hand from the chair arm to move the message, his visitor noticed a sudden flash of light from one of his fingers. He looked more closely. There was a gold ring on the third finger of the hand, with a clear stone in it, apparently a diamond. The thought came to Sedley's mind of the flash of light he had seen in the carriage on the night of the murder, and the supposition that it came from a diamond ring. He grew slightly pale at thought of the vital possibilities involved in Mr. Benton's wearing such a ring. He was aware of Lovelace's suspicions regarding this man.

His host, not dreaming of the dangerous thoughts roused in his mind, bent closely over the message, apparently reading it with no great difficulty. He seemed to be very familiar with the cypher.

He sat inactive for some time longer, as if in thought, a look of doubt upon his face, his pallor deepened. He then turned again to the table, drew paper towards him, and carefully wrote a reply. This he placed in an envelope, which he sealed and handed his visitor.

"If you will be kind enough to leave that at the office," he said, "I shall regard it as a favor."

"I will do so with pleasure," replied Sedley, again rising and concealing the sense of triumph which he felt.

"In regard to your acquaintance—for I may be wrong in terming him your friend—the would-be Lovelace, please send him my respects. Tell him I am sorry for his sake that I cannot hand him over the neat little fortune he desires. I hope he will get along comfortably without it, and enjoy his future position in life."

There was a peculiar tone in his voice that would have puzzled Sedley, but that he knew the contents of the message. It boded ill to Lovelace if the reply, now in his hand, were sent.

He made his adieus short, anxious to get away, and master the momentous contents of the paper he held.

Not many minutes elapsed before he reached the secluded spot at which he had paused in his outward journey.

Without a moment's thought of the character of the act, thinking alone to save his friend and frustrate a villain, he tore open the envelope, and took out the paper it contained.

It was covered with a short message in the same cypher, addressed to "Mr. Jacob Brown, No. 70 Miles Street, Martinsville, N. Y."

With Sedley's experience in deciphering the secret character he soon turned it into readable English. It ran as follows:

"Your carelessness can have no excuse. The cub must be muzzled. His teeth will grow if left loose. Plant the meddler under ground, and wait further advice. Keep your eyes wider open, and take care to get no more dust in them. I will stand no more trifling."

THE SEARCH FOR TIM SPARKS WAS RENEWED. IT WAS THIS TIME SUCCESSFUL.

"Well," said Sedley, drawing a long breath, "the shrewd rogue is determined that no writing of his shall be brought in evidence against him. This only has meaning to the initiated, but to me it is sufficient to prove him a murderous villain. Does he mean for them to murder and bury Lovelace? It looks like it. But to wait further advice seems as if the idea is to have him placed in some underground dungeon. My notion is that if the boy is once muzzled, as kindly advised, Jack Lovelace's life would not be worth the turn of a penny. Benton evidently has his confederates in his power, and intends to threaten them in case they mislead again."

He sat for some time lost in thought, carelessly fingering the message. Then hastily rising, and consigning it to his pocket, he strode rapidly towards the town.

Here he entered the office of Joel Brown, the lawyer. After a few words two others of the prominent citizens were sent for, and a long consultation of some length ensued.

Sedley was in some doubt how to act under the circumstances, and laid all the facts that had come to his knowledge, with his inferences from them, before these persons.

They were parties who could be fully relied upon to keep the secret until the time came to divulge it.

Their surprise at his revelations reached almost the point of consternation. Mr. Brown had doubted the paralytic, but had not deemed that such evidence was accumulating against him. It was some minutes before they could recover their mental powers sufficiently to give the matter calm consideration.

The conference ended in Sedley's leaving the office with a new message in cypher, substituted for that of Mr. Benton, and a general injunction of secrecy as to the subject of their consultation, and the further steps decided on between them.

Sedley handed the message to the Dover operator, saw it duly transmitted to Martinsville, and made the best of his way back to his own office at Melton.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.

Lovelace was thrust rudely into a cell on the lower floor of the building, and the door locked upon him. The place was of midnight gloom, the small window letting in scarce a vestige of light.

By feeling around the walls he found the room to be small and bare of furniture, with the exception of a small bedstead in one corner, which was fastened to the floor.

His next action was to examine his pocket, and learn what it was that the boy had so shrewdly introduced into that receptacle.

His arms had been freed from their bonds before he had been placed in the cell, his captors evidently thinking that the locked door would retain him.

His hand, thrust into his pocket, grasped what he had partly expected, the bunch of skeleton keys which had already done such good service that night.

Along with these were some other articles which they had provided for their raid upon the asylum. These consisted of a small but effective screwdriver, and a watch-spring saw, which the party from whom they had purchased had assured them "would cut through iron the same as if it were cheese."

Fearing a return of his captors Lovelace hastily removed these things from his pocket, and concealed them inside the hard straw bed, cutting a slit with his penknife large enough to thrust them in.

He was not a minute too soon. Hardly had he closed the narrow slit, and seated himself on the outside edge of the bed, before the door opened and several of the keepers entered, one of them carrying a light.

"Now, my man," said the leader, in an authoritative tone, "get up. We want to see what you've got about you."

Lovelace obeyed without a word, and submitted in silence to the close search to which they subjected him. They found nothing on him but a penknife, a couple of keys, and a pocketbook, all of which were taken. He had fortunately left the most of his money at the hotel, and in donning his rough clothes had changed nothing of value from his other pockets.

The bed was also partly lifted and looked under, but the hidden keys remained unfound.

"Well," said the prisoner, turning quietly to them, "do you think you are about done?"

"About," replied the man who had spoken before.

"And this is my room, I judge?"

"It's likely to be."

"Then the sooner you take your ugly faces from it the better you will please the proprietor. The next time I want you I'll send for you. Take a fool's advice now and make tracks. You won't find me a quiet maniac if I get riled."

The men looked at each other as if hardly knowing what to make of their prisoner.

"Don't try to carry things with a high hand here," said the spokesman roughly. "We've got straight jackets and iron ruffles to keep folks quiet, and other ways of curing troublesome customers that maybe you'd not like to try."

"I am deeply obliged to you for the information," said Lovelace, with affected politeness. "Allow me to express my obligations for this kind visit. You must go? Really? Oh, then I won't press you to stay any longer. Be sure and shut the door close after you. I can't bear drafts."

The men, without reply, left the room, looking significantly at each other. Lovelace heard one of them say, as they locked the door:

"Why the fellow is out of his head. He's come to the right place. I don't fancy that he will give us much trouble."

"I hope you will keep thinking so," said Lovelace, grimly to himself. "I will not stay here to trouble you longer than I can help, that's fixed. It won't do to try anything to-night though. They will be too wide awake."

Exhausted by the labors and mental worry of that eventful day, he cast himself upon the bed, and was soon lost in slumber as deep as if he was safely at home, instead of being locked within the walls of an insane asylum, with the future very dark and doubtful before him.

It was late the next morning before he woke, refreshed by his long sleep, in an active and daring frame of mind likely to give trouble ere long to his keepers.

The day was dreadfully long to him. He spent it in pacing the room, looking through the barred window, laying upon the bed, and in enjoying with full zest the plain but sufficient repasts brought him.

He also closely examined the lock of the door, trying his keys carefully, one by one, when the silence outside signified that there was no one within hearing. In vain. It was too much for his skill.

But the lock, instead of shooting into the frame work, shot into an iron catch, that was fastened on by two strong screws.

Over these he worked for a full hour, his screw driver being too weak for the purpose. Finally, to his extreme delight, the screws started. He screwed them half way out, to make sure of his power to remove them. Then he drove them in again, hid his instrument, and lay down to rest from his hard labor.

It was not far from midnight when he returned to his deferred task. His impatience had been great since darkness had set in. But hope was much more active than fear in his mind. He was too young and enthusiastic to easily despond.

The noises of the house had been hushed for an hour. Dead stillness reigned supreme when he again attacked the screws. In a few minutes they were removed, the iron catch laid noiselessly on the floor, and the lock useless.

Securing his tools about him he stole from the open door, and along the passage, first removing his shoes, and slinging them over his shoulders.

With silent tread he stole on, step by step, along the passages, and up the flights of stairs. Twice he heard advancing steps, as of men patroling the house.

Once a man passed him, but he drew himself into a window niche, and was unseen in the faint light. He stopped finally at the remembered door, from which he had released Mary Browning the previous day.

He tried the wicket. It was now firmly locked so that he could not stir it. The lock of the door he opened with as little trouble as before. But the door still held firmly. Looking towards the top he found that it was fastened with a slender chain, padlocked into a staple at the side of the door. Evidently an effort had been made to render escape impossible.

But Lovelace was fortunately prepared for this unlooked-for emergency. His fine saw was now brought into operation, muffled with his handkerchief, and tried upon the slender links of the chain. It bit shrewdly into the soft iron, with a sound that he feared might be overheard, but which could not be avoided.

The prisoner within was aroused from her slumber by this strange sound. She had thrown herself on the bed without removing her clothes, and now stood, half-fearing some new danger, half-hoping some friendly aid.

The door at length noiselessly opened, and on its threshold stood the man who was more in her thoughts than any other human being. She yielded joyfully to the embrace in which he impulsively clasped her, to the kiss which he implanted upon her lips.

In that moment, without a word passed, their troth-plight was made, the acknowledgement of love given and returned, and the maiden yielded herself to the protecting arm of the man as fully as she had already yielded to him her warm and innocent soul.

"Come, dear Mary," he said, leading her forward; "we have not a moment to lose."

Down the stairs they went noiselessly, until they had reached the passage on the second floor. Now redoubled caution was needed. As they paused a moment in doubt, a door was heard opening at a distance, followed by approaching footsteps.

Lovelace looked around with a troubled glance. The door by which he stood seemed to him to be that of old Joe's. Hastily applying the key which he had formerly used, the door readily opened, and he stepped within, drawing her after him, and closing the door, which he held firmly to with his hand.

He was astounded by hearing a gruff voice in the darkness, a muffled, groaning sound, at which his companion clung to him, fearful and trembling. Some disastrous mistake had been made. They had missed the room. It was not old Joe's voice they heard. They might be, for all that could be told, in the presence of some raving maniac.

It was too late to retrieve their error. The footsteps advanced, and halted near their door, as a new sound ascended from below.

This was a loud outcry, that continued, with the noise of rapid steps.

"The prisoner has escaped," was the cry that greeted their ears.

In a minute more it was followed by the announcement that their female prisoner had also escaped. And now a hideous uproar arose. The inmates of the asylum had been roused by the noise, and cries, groans, and yells everywhere rent the air.

Miss Browning shuddered with dread as she clung helplessly to her protector, and almost shrieked aloud as a voice in their own cell, almost at their ears, gave vent to a startling cry of "Murder," in a voice that made their blood curdle with horror.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A PUBLIC INSTITUTION VISITED.

The message sent by Joe Sedley to Jacob Brown, Martinsville, had been immediately preceded by a longer one to Mr. Fogg, in good King's English, detailing the main points discovered, and requesting him to immediately set a watch on the house to which the cypher message was directed.

If a person answering the description of "Jake" should appear, he was to be watched and followed. If any persons left the house, they were to be likewise followed, and all their movements noted.

Detective Fogg had been rather downcast by the ill-success of all his efforts, and his signal failure to unfold the several mysteries upon which he had been employed.

Learning by this telegram that other parties had been much more successful than himself in the investigation, his self-importance was still further diminished, and he applied himself to the task set him by others with a humility uncommon with him.

But there had been some delay in his receipt of the message, as he had been absent from the hotel on its arrival. The other message, then, had been delivered some time before he arrived within sight of the house to be watched.

His effort, therefore, proved unsuccessful. No one left the house. A half-grown girl approached and entered it after he had been a half hour on the watch, but no other indications of life were observed.

At the end of a considerable period he was joined by Joel Brown, and another of the parties who had taken part in the late consultation at Dover. They had driven over immediately after the sending of the message, Mr. Brown not having sufficient confidence in the officer's ability to be willing to trust entirely to him.

The message to Jake had been changed so as to prevent any hasty or violent action towards Lovelace pending their investigation. To order his release would have been suspicious. It, therefore, simply contained a direction to hold him until further orders, the balance of the message remaining unchanged.

One of them went to the telegraph office, and found that the cypher message had been delivered according to its directions, immediately after its receipt.

There was obviously no further use in watching the house. The girl observed had likely taken it to its destination. It was debated between them whether or not they should enter the house and force the inmates, if possible, to acknowledge to whom and at what place the message had been delivered.

But to this idea the officer strongly objected. The probability was that they would be misdirected, and an opportunity taken to put Mr. Jacob Brown on his guard. They might thus injure far more than benefit their cause.

There was one person who must be aware of all they wished to learn, the boy, Tim Sparks.

He was likely to be yet somewhere in Martinsville, and would be able to tell them how entry to the "crib" had been effected, how he had escaped, and to guide them in their future efforts.

It was determined to search the whole city for him, and to give his description to the police authorities, that they too might be on the lookout for him. It was also deemed advisable to question these authorities closely about the dangerous classes of the city, their haunts and characters, to acquaint them with the object of their search, and learn if they could give them any useful information.

This was accordingly done, the detective attending to this duty, while the others searched the streets and alleys of the city in quest of the boy.

A long discussion ensued between the officer and the authorities, in which all the probable and improbable places were described and considered. But no place could be hit upon that seemed quite likely to answer. The haunts of vice in Martinsville were well known, and they were of the opinion that the parties mentioned could not be concealed in the city without their having some knowledge of it.

"But does the name mean nothing?" asked the officer. "Who is this Jacob Brown?"

"We know no such party," was the reply. "There is no such person in Martinsville."

"The name may be an assumed one," said Mr. Fogg. "He signs himself Jake. Who is there of that name likely to be connected in any way with No. 70 Miles Street?"

"There are several Jakes in the city of disreputable character," said the Martinville officer. "Who lives at No. 70 Miles Street?" he continued, addressing a subordinate.

"I don't know, but I will soon find out," was the reply.

The man left the room, and was absent ten minutes. On his return he informed them that it was occupied by a Mr. Shields and family.

"Shields?" said the officer, reflectively. "Jake Shields? There is nobody of that name. Who was Shields' wife?"

"The daughter of John Haydon, of Prince Street."

"Jake Haydon? Why that's the name of the head keeper at the Westfield Asylum."

"Westfield Asylum?" said Mr. Fogg, questioningly.

"Yes; a private lunatic asylum of that name which lies in the suburbs of the city."

"I did not know of such an establishment," replied Mr. Fogg. "What character does it bear?"

"A very good one as a general rule. There have been some stories set afloat to its discredit, but there has nothing wrong been proved against it. You know that in the best of asylums sane men are occasionally imprisoned to suit interested people. Insanity is often so concealed that the officers have only the physician's certificates to go by."

"Insanity so well concealed as that has no right to be locked up, in my opinion," said Mr. Fogg, with some severity. "I am inclined to doubt your asylum."

"I am not," said the officer. "They have sometimes been deceived, I admit, but there is no proof that they have intentionally done wrong. It is an institution in good standing, and its directors honorable men. Besides our reasons for suspecting it are rather farfetched, simply a coincidence of names."

"Very true," said Mr. Fogg, "but it seems the only place against which we have a shadow of evidence. However, we will let it stand till we find the boy, if that can be done. He will be able to give us all the information we need."

But Tim had managed to get himself pretty thoroughly out of the way. All that day the search for him was kept up without effect.

It was renewed the next day. During the day Dr. Fogg met on his beat the policeman who had been present at his interview on the previous day.

"Well," asked the latter, in a knowing voice, "what did you and the lieutenant decide about the asylum?"

"That it was all right."

"All right in a horn!" said the other, derisively. "Everybody knows that they are a blamed set of rascals, and that there's been a good many put there for money that had no business there."

"And how about this Jake Haydon?"

"I wouldn't want to put my life in his hands, that's all. He'd sell his soul for money. He's got more to answer for than many a man that's been hung. This, you know, is between you and me, Mr. Fogg. I just happen to know the man, and I ain't the only one that knows him."

"It shall go no further," said the officer. "I am much obliged to you."

"The man seems to have a spite against this keeper," he thought, as he went on, "and the lieutenant is interested in his favor. It is likely the truth lies somewhere in the middle."

The whole matter was talked over with Mr. Brown and his friend, and it was finally decided to visit the asylum, in company with some prominent citizen or officer of the city government, and see if any discovery could be made.

This visit was accordingly made, in the afternoon of that day, but it resulted in nothing confirmatory of their suspicions.

The superintendent of the institution, Mr. Johnson, was absent from the city, but Mr. Haydon would gladly show them round and give them all the information in his power.

Mr. Haydon was called, a black-whiskered, savage-faced individual, but as mild-spoken and polite as any person could desire. He enquired particularly as to the names and appearances of the persons they were seeking, and assured them that no such persons had ever been in the asylum.

Without being requested to do so, he called up the other officers of the institution, gave them the descriptions, and asked them if they had seen such persons during their time in the asylum. They unanimously answered no.

He next produced the books of the institution, and showed the names of the last inmates, and the periods of their entry. The names sought were not there, and no entries within three months.

"And now, gentlemen," he said, "if you wish to go the rounds of the institution, I will open the cells of the less violent inmates, and let you see for yourselves that there are no such persons here."

Some of them expressed themselves as already satisfied, but Mr. Fogg felt inclined to accept his offer, and they accordingly went the rounds, looking into a considerable number of the cells, and listening to the disjointed remarks of the inmates.

The detective, however, anxious as he had been for this round, did not appear much interested in the patients. He occupied himself instead in closely watching Mr. Haydon, and noting down the numbers of such cells as he hurried past or otherwise showed a disinclination to open.

They ended their investigation on the upper floor, among the female inmates.

"Now," said the officer, "you will have no objection to open the numbers I have here. I have a notion that I would like to look behind those doors."

"None at all," said the keeper, looking over the list. "But some of these are very dangerous. I can only open the wickets."

He did so, without any discovery being made. They were chiefly, as he said, the rooms containing the more violent patients. There was no trace of Lovelace or Miss Browning.

They left at last, expressing themselves perfectly satisfied, even Mr. Fogg joining in this.

"It's lucky in one way," said Jake Haydon to himself, as he watched them leaving, "that those parties gave us the slip last night. That policeman's as sharp as a steel trap. I only hope the fellows after them will catch them and bring them back."

In fact a half dozen persons were at that moment scouring the country in search of the escaped fugitives.

The search for Tim Sparks was renewed. It was this time successful. It was close on to nightfall when detective Fogg came upon him in the act of entering Mr. Brown's gate.

He was a little distrustful of Mr. Fogg, and declined to give him any information, expressing the most total mental darkness on all the points enquired about.

But he had no objection to accompany him, and on being ushered into the presence of Mr. Brown and his friend, there was a marked change of manner.

He evidently had every confidence in their integrity, and replied freely to their questions, declaring that the parties they sought were in the insane asylum.

"But we were through it this afternoon," said Mr. Brown. "There are no such persons there."

"Then I've only got to say that Jake's been cute enough to shut all your eyes up," replied Tim. "That's just where they are. They were out, all but their boot-heels, night before last; I got out, heels and all, but they were notched and took back."

"Is this so?" asked Mr. Brown, in a startled tone.

"So! You bet it is. You might go there ten times a day and never see them. Jake's a bit too cute for that."

"You seem to know this Jake?"

"Yes; he's the fellow that carried off Miss Browning, and I tuk a ride with him two or three days ago. Tell you what it is, I'm going for them to-night, cotch or no cotch. If you mind you kin go along. It's the only way to bring them."

The boy was so earnest and confident that, after a short discussion, it was decided to accompany him in his expedition, and strive to accomplish their object by stratagem.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Yet all that day, while the deputation from Dover was searching the asylum for the supposed prisoners, while a deputation from the asylum was searching the surrounding country for the same persons, they remained quietly hidden in the institution, unfound by their friends, unknown to their keepers.

We left them in the cell of a strange inmate of the asylum, startled by a most alarming cry, and fearing that they had invaded the domain of some dangerous madman.

The situation was rendered doubly terrible to Lovelace, from his fears for his companion. Even if she escaped harm, the horror of her situation might prove seriously injurious.

Yet the keepers were gathering in the passage near this cell. They could not escape from the present peril without sure discovery. It was best to remain where they were until the peril became imminent.

All this thought passed through his brain like a flash. He placed his arm round the waist of his shuddering companion and drew her to him with a strong, assuring grasp, seeking in vain to pierce the darkness and discover the character of the presence in which they were.

The cry of murder was followed by a strange, guttural sound, that added nothing to the comfort of the listeners.

A form seemed moving with a slow, gliding motion round the room, a catlike, cautious tread.

Lovelace turned his companion into the corner of the room, covering her with his body, and stood, with every sense on the alert, waiting for the threatened attack.

"Don't! don't! don't!" said a low, frightened voice. "Oh! it is murder! murder! There's blood on your hands! Blood! blood!"

Lovelace's extended hand was touched by that of the advancing lunatic, who instantly drew back as if in fear.

"No, no, no! It wasn't me!" he said.

"Back!" said Lovelace, in a low, stern voice, emboldened by his apparent fear. "Come near me on your peril!"

"I didn't do it! Don't hurt me!" said the man, retreating. "It was he. Oh! his hands are red, red, red!"

"Hush!," replied Lovelace, sternly. "Be still, and I will not hurt you."

"I'll be still! I'll be still!" said the lunatic, continuing to retreat. "I won't stir. But take away your hands! Don't touch me! They are red, red, red! Oh! they are covered with blood!"

The man's voice was full of a shuddering, cowering sense of fear. He seemed to have been maddened by some deep terror. There was a horrible significance in his cries, as if he had looked upon a murder.

The keepers had now left this immediate locality, and seemed spreading throughout the house and through the grounds. Besides, the sounds in their cell were drowned in the various cries that came from neighboring cells.

"Do not fear," said Lovelace, softly, to his companion, "the man is evidently harmless. He appears to be crazed with fear. A stern voice will cow him."

"But is it not terrible?" she replied, piteously. "Oh, so dreadful! I cannot endure it!"

"He will not harm you," said Lovelace. "He should not, even if he were dangerous, instead of a poor, trembling lunatic as he seems."

"I cannot help being frightened," she replied; "the darkness; the dreadful cries; his talk of blood and murder! Oh, I never dreamed of anything so terrible!"

"Dear Mary, have trust in me," said Lovelace, tenderly, drawing her more closely to himself. "While I live no harm shall come to you. But here, indeed, you are safe. You will not be afraid?"

"No," she replied, "I will try and be more courageous. I am but a poor, weak, nervous girl, I know. But you cannot blame me for being a little timid."

"Blame you!" he replied. "It would be very strange if you were not. I have lived among rough men, and have been in many perilous positions, yet I freely confess that I was afraid. But you need fear no longer, the danger has passed."

"I will not," she replied, taking courage from the strong arm that embraced her.

The lunatic had kept silent during this conversation, only manifesting his presence by slight, uneasy movements. Lovelace now locked the door from the inside, and felt his way along the wall to the bed.

Here he seated himself, drawing his companion down beside him, in such a position, that he would be between her and any danger.

It would be perilous to leave the cell now, and they would have to endure the situation for some time longer, unpleasant as it was.

The lunatic seemed to have crouched down upon the floor. His breathing was hard, and an occasional sentence left his lips, of the same character as those already given.

But Miss Browning's voice seemed to have a soothing effect upon him. Whenever she spoke he became silent, or murmured words of less dreadful significance. Visions of home, of sisters, of a sweetheart, seemed roused in his unsettled mind by the tones of her voice.

Gradually, accustomed to his presence, they ceased to heed it, and commenced a low, earnest conversation of their own. Lovelace unfolded his soul to her in that hour, telling of the life he had led, of his hopes and aspirations, of his obduracy to all love's claims till she had met his vision.

She listened with joy, and acknowledged without coquetry that she had been drawn towards him from the first, and ardently returned his affection.

It was a strange place for such a declaration and confession, in the cell of a madman, with its tenant cowering and muttering on the floor near them.

But it was very natural under the circumstances. The kiss he had given her on opening her cell door; the protecting embrace in which he had since clasped her; her confiding manner in yielding to his clasp; the deep peril which had thrown them very near together; their long, enforced, sleepless companionship in that cell, whose occupant seemed to them but as a mindless animal, incapable of comprehending their confidences—what could result in two souls drawn together already by mutual love? Could they have spent these long, dark hours in different conversation? No; the love that had been in their eyes, and was on their lips, flowed out as naturally as the waters from an unsealed fountain, and the words of love then spoken, and the kisses that followed the words, made of this night, at first so dreadful, the rarest and happiest of their two lives.

Several hours passed as if they were minutes to the lovers. The madman had long since become silent, and was apparently sleeping. All without was still as death.

Lovelace felt sure, however, that this was but an illusory stillness, that the whole institution was vigilantly watched. Yet they could not remain there. Some further effort to escape must be made.

He rose and cautiously unlocked the door, opening it slowly and peering out into the passage. No one was visible. All was still. A faint light entered from the lamp burning at the end of the passage.

A slight cry from Miss Browning caused him to turn and draw back. In the faint light he saw a dark form very near him, gliding towards the door. It was the madman! He was seeking to escape!

Lovelace sprang forward again and attempted to close the door, but too late. With a light bound the man was past it and in the passage. He turned and looked back. His face in the dim light showed pale and haggard, with a peculiar startled expression.

"Blood, blood! It is red, red, red!" came from his lips in a low, quivering voice.

The next moment he was gliding swiftly but silently down the passage.

Lovelace's first impulse was to follow and bring him back, but the thought followed that such an effort would be attended by a noise that might arouse the house.

Yet he would surely be captured by those on guard and brought back to his cell. The intruders would surely be discovered.

Lovelace knew not what to do. He had failed to find old Joe's cell. He might, in a second effort, get into still greater danger than that in which he now was. Any sound might rouse the madman and produce a terrible uproar.

He felt, perforce, obliged to remain where he was and await the result. If there were signs of the escaped inmate being recaptured and brought back, it would be then time to slip out and seek some safer position.

Miss Browning, fearing to remain alone in the dark cell, came to him where he stood grasping the half-open door and clung to him again, partly in dread, more in love.

He told her in a few low words of his fears, and together they waited the result, alive to every sound.

They were startled more than once by faint, resultless sounds. Once they were obliged to draw back and close the door as patrolling steps approached, passed, and died away in the distance.

They waited vigilantly an hour, two hours, but the escaped lunatic was not brought back. The cunning of the madman had evidently proved too much for the watchfulness of the sane.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PIECE OF WISDOM.

Here is a word of wisdom picked out of a woman's book called Elsie Ellis: "Nothing annoys a man more than to be eagerly questioned when he comes home tired. Give him a neatly-served dinner and let him eat and drink in peace, and in time he will tell you of his own accord all you wish to know. But if you begin the attack too soon, the chances are that you will be rewarded by curtly-spoken monosyllables." How charmingly the woman crops out in the writer's confession of the womanly appreciation of a man, from his boyhood to the end of his three score years and ten. He is always a boy—a strong kind of a weak creature who needs to be taken care of, a wilful dear of a monster, who must be led with a thread but cannot be driven, a member of an ignorant sex who would soon go to the bad if not watched over. Such is the sense of the intelligent of the gentle sex, if their opinions could be canvassed. It is not paradoxical, after all. Nobody doubts that the horse is stronger than his driver. Yet the more spirited his horse, properly trained, the more easily is he guided by the slightest pull upon the bit. And if men are not properly trained, the women are certainly most to blame for the deficiency, for in their hands is the training. If they are wise, whatever may become of the theory of woman's rights, woman will keep the "ribbons" in her hands.

ALL the energies with which nations have labored and signalized themselves once existed as germs in the hand of the educator.

KISS ME, DARLING, KISS ME, SWEET.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Kiss me, darling, kiss me, sweet.
Whispered as we crossed the heather,
Then our happiness complete—
We vowed to walk life's path together.
Skies by heaven's flowers perfumed,
Filled the earth with summer glory,
Robin's voice to love attuned,
Carolled forth a lover's story.

Kiss me, darling, kiss me, sweet.
Darling with the golden tresses,
Proudly kneeling at your feet—
Charm me by your fond caresses.
Wintry storms may come and go,
Hearts of lonely wanderers chilling,
With my darling I shall know—
Naught, but sweetest music thrilling.

Kiss me, darling, kiss me, sweet.
As we journey on together,
Love shall be a sure retreat
From the ills of stormy weather.
When the storms of life are o'er,
And we cross the shining river,
We shall meet on heaven's shore,
There to live and love forever!

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 27, Vol. 58. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XV.

REVEALED TO LADY WYNNE.

The morning sun had chased away the dew on the grass, but the hedgerows were giving out their fragrance, and the lark and blackbird sang in the trees, as Miss Blake was returning from early service at St. Jerome's.

In spite of the nearly sleepless night she had passed, Miss Blake looked well. Her superabundance of hair, freshly washed up with its cunning cosmetics and adorned to perfection, gleamed as if so many golden particles of dust were shining on it; her morning robe was of light muslin, and becoming as fashion could make it. It was very unusual for Miss Blake to get little sleep: she was of too equable a temperament to lie awake: but the previous night's revelation had disturbed her in no common degree, and her head had ached when she rose. The headache was passing now, and she felt quite ready for breakfast. A task lay before her that day: the disclosure to Lady Wynne. It was all cut and dried: how she should make it: even the very words of it were already framed.

"My task lies all plain before me," she murmured. "It is a disagreeable one, and may prove a thankless, but I will not shrink from it. Who am I that should turn aside from an appointed duty? That it has been appointed me, events show. I have been guided in this by a higher power than my own."

An appointed duty! Perhaps Miss Blake thought she had been "appointed" to watch the Maze gates in the shade of the dark night, to track the private steps of her unsuspicious host, Karl Wynne! There is no sophistry in this world like self-sophistry; nothing else so deceives the human heart.

Miss Blake found her opportunity in the course of the morning. A shade of pity crossed her for the happiness she was about to mar, as she saw them out together after breakfast, amid the flowers. Now Lucy's arm entwined fondly in his, now tripping by his side, now calling his attention to some rare or sweet blossom. In Lucy's bright face, as she glanced perpetually at her lord and husband, there was so much of love, so much of trust: and in his, Sir Karl's, there was a whole depth of apparent tenderness for her.

"Men were deceivers ever," angrily cried Miss Blake, recalling a line of the old ballad. "It's enough to make one sick. But I am sorry for Lucy; it will be a dreadful blow. How I wish it could be inflicted on him instead of her. In a measure it will fall on him—for of course Lucy will take active steps."

Later, when Sir Karl, as it chanced, had gone over to Basham, and Lucy was in her pretty little dressing-room, writing to some girl friend, Miss Blake seized on the opportunity. Shutting herself in with Lady Wynne she made the communication to her. She told it with as much gentle consideration as possible, very delicately, and, in fact, rather obscurely. At first Lady Wynne did not understand, could not understand: and when she was made to understand, her burning face flushed forth its indignation, and she utterly refused to believe.

Miss Blake only expected this. She was very soothing and tender.

"Sit down, Lucy," she said. "Listen. On my word of honor, I would not have imparted this miserable tale to inflict on you pain so bitter, but that I saw it must be done. For your sake, and in the interests of everything that's right and just and seemly, it would not have done to suffer you to remain in ignorance, a blind victim to the dastardly deceit practised on you by your husband."

"He could not so deceive me, Theresa; he could not deceive any one," she burst forth passionately.

"My dear, I only ask you to listen. You can then judge for yourself. Do not take my word that it is, or must be, so. Hear the facts, and then use your own common sense. Alas, Lucy, there can be no mistake; but for knowing that, should I have spoken, think you? It is, unfortunately, as true as heaven."

From the beginning to the end, Miss Blake told her tale. She spoke out without reticence now. Sitting beside Lucy on the sofa, and holding her hands in hers with a warm and loving clasp, she went over it all. The mystery that appeared to encompass this young lady, living alone at the Maze in strict seclusion with her two old servants, who were man and wife, she spoke of first as an introduction. She said how curiously it had attracted her attention, unaccountably to herself at the time, but that now she knew a divine inspiration had guided her to the instinct. She avowed how she had got in, and that it was done purposely; and that she had seen the girl, who was called Mrs. Grey, and was "beautiful as an angel," and heard her sing the characteristic song (which might well indeed have been written of her) "When lovely woman stoops to folly." Next, she described Sir Karl's secret visits; the key he let himself in with, taken from his pocket; the familiar and affectionate words interchanged between him and the girl, who had come to the gate to wait for him. She said that Sir Karl had brought Mrs. Grey to the Maze during the time he was staying at Foxwood in attendance on his sick mother; and she asked Lucy to recall the fact of his prolonged sojourn here, of his unwillingness to leave it and rejoin her, his wife; and of the very evident desire he had to keep her altogether from Foxwood. In short, as Miss Blake put the matter—and every syllable she spoke did she believe to be strictly true and unexaggerated—it was simply impossible for the most unwilling listener not to be convinced.

Lady Wynne was satisfied; and it was as her death blow. Truth itself could not have appeared more plain and certain. After the first outburst of indignation, she had sat very calm and quiet, listening silently. Trifles excite the best of us, but in a great calamity heart and self alike shrink into stillness. Save that she had turned pale as death, there was no sign.

"Lucy, my poor Lucy, forgive me! I would have spared you if I could; but I believe the task of telling you was laid on me."

"Thank you, yes; I suppose it was right to tell me, Theresa," came the mechanical answer from the quivering lips.

"My dear, what will be your course? You cannot remain here his wife."

"Would you please let me be alone, now, Theresa? I do not seem to be able to think yet collectedly."

The door closed on Miss Blake, and Lady Wynne bolted it after her. She bolted the other two doors, so as to make sure of being alone. The abandonment began then. Kneeling on the carpet, her head buried on the sofa pillow, she lay realizing the full sense of the awful shock. It shook her to the centre. Oh, how dreadful it was! She had so loved Karl, so believed in him: she had believed that man rarely loved a maiden and then a wife as Karl had loved her. This, then, must have been the secret trouble that was upon him!—which had all but induced him to break off his marriage! she reasoned, and supposed she reasoned correctly. All parts of the supposition, had she thought them well out, might not perhaps have fitted-in to one another; but in a distress such as this, no woman—no, nor man either—is capable of working out problems logically. She assumed that it must have been going on for years; in all probability long before he knew her.

An hour or so of this painful indulgence, and then Lady Wynne rose from the floor and sat down to think, as well as she could think, what her course should be. She was truly religious, though perhaps she knew it not. Theresa Blake was ostensibly so, and very much so in her own belief; but the difference was wide. The one had the real gold, the other but the base coin washed over. She, Lucy, strove to think and to see what would be right and best to do; for herself, for her misguided husband, and in the sight of God.

She sat and thought it out, perhaps for another hour. Aglae came to the door to say luncheon was served, but Lady Wynne said Miss Blake was to be told that she had a headache and should not take any. To make a scandal and leave her husband's home—as Theresa seemed to have hinted—would have gone well nigh to kill her with the shame and anguish it would entail. And oh, she hoped, she trusted, that her good father and mother, who had yielded to her love for Karl and so sanctioned the marriage, might never, never know of this. She lifted her imploring eyes and hands to heaven in prayer that it might be kept from them. She prayed that she might be enabled to do what was right, and to bear: to bear silently and patiently, no living being, save Sir Karl, knowing what she had to endure.

For, while she was praying for the way to be made clear before her, and for strength to walk in it, however thorny it might be, an idea had dawned upon her that this matter might possibly be kept from the world, held sacred between herself and Sir Karl. *Could she?* could she continue to live on at the Court, bearing in patient silence—nay, in impatient—the cruel torment, the sense of insult? And yet, if she did not remain, how would it be possible to conceal it from her father and mother? The very indecision seemed well nigh to kill her.

Visitors drove up to the house in the course of the afternoon—the county families were beginning to call—and Lady Wynne had to go down. Miss Blake was off to one of St. Jerome's services—of which the Reverend Guy Catacomb was establishing several daily. Sir Karl came home while the visitors were there. After their departure, when he came to look round for his wife, he was told she had hastily thrown on bonnet and mantle and gone out. Sir Karl rather wondered.

Not only to avoid her husband, but also because she wanted to see Margaret Sumnor, and perhaps gain from her a crumb of comfort in her utter wretchedness, had Lady Wynne run forth to gain the vicarage. Margaret was lying as before, on her hard couch, or board; doing, for a wonder, nothing. Her hands were clasped meekly before her on her white wrapper, her eyelids seemed heavy with crying. But the eyes smiled cheerful greeting to Lady Wynne.

"Is anything the matter, Margaret?"

It was but the old story, the old grievance; Margaret Sumnor was pained by it, more or less, nearly every day of her life—the home treatment of her father: the contempt shown to him by his second family; ay, and by his wife.

Lady Wynne drew her chair quite close to the invalid, so that she might let her hand rest in the one held out for her. "I have a trouble too, Margaret?" she whispered. "A dreadful, sudden trouble, a blow; and I think it has nearly broken my heart. I cannot tell you what it is; I cannot tell any one in the world——"

"Except your husband," interposed Miss Sumnor. "Never have any concealments from him, Lucy.

Lady Wynne's face turned red and white with embarrassment. "Yes, him; I shall have to speak to him," she said, in some hesitation: and Miss Sumnor's deep insight into other's hearts enabled her to guess that the trouble had something to do with Sir Karl. She suspected it was that painful thing to a young wife—a first quarrel.

"I am not like you, Margaret—ever patient, ever good," faltered poor Lady Wynne. "I seem to be nearly torn apart with conflicting thoughts—perhaps I ought to say passions—and I thought I would come to you for a word of advice and comfort. There are two ways in which I can act in this dreadful matter; and indeed that word is no exaggeration, for it is very dreadful. The one would be to make a stir in it, take a high tone, and set forth my wrongs; that would be revenge, and I hardly know whether it would be right, or bring right. The other would be to put up with the evil in silence, and *bear*, and leave the future to God. Which must I do?"

Margaret Sumnor turned as much as she could turn without assistance, and laid both her hands imploringly on Lady Wynne.

"Lucy! Lucy! choose the latter. I have seen, oh, so much of this revenge, and of how it has worked. My dear, I believe in my honest heart, that this revenge was never yet taken but it was repented of in the end.

"There is one thing we never can repent of, Lucy, and that is, of choosing the path of mercy—of leniency. It brings a balm with it to the sorely chafed spirit, and heals in time. Do you choose it, my dear. I urge it on you with my whole heart."

"I think I will, Margaret; I think I will," she answered, raising for a moment her wet eyes. "It will mortify my pride and my self-esteem; be always mortifying them, and I shall need a great deal of patience to bear."

"But you will be able to bear; to bear all; you know where to go for help. Do this, Lucy, and see if in the future you do not find your reward. In after years, it may be that your heart will go up with a great bound of joy and thankfulness. 'I did as Margaret told me,' you will say, 'and bore.' Oh, if men and women did but know the future they lay up for themselves according as their acts shall be!—the remorse or the peace."

Lucy rose and kissed her. "It shall be so, Margaret," she whispered. And she went away without another word.

Her interview with Sir Karl took place that evening. She had managed, save at dinner, to avoid his presence until then. It was held in her dressing-room at the dusk hour. He came up to know why she stayed there alone, and what she was doing. In truth, she had been schooling herself for this very interview, which had to be got over before she went to rest. The uncertainty of what she could say was troubling her, even the very words she should use caused her perplexity. In her innate purity, her sensitively-refined nature, she could not bring herself to speak openly to her husband upon topics of this unpleasant kind. That rendered the explanation more incomplete and complicated than it would otherwise have been. He had come up, and she nerved herself to the task. As good enter on it now as an hour later.

"I—I want to speak to you, Sir Karl."

He was standing by the open window, and turned his head quickly. Sir Karl! "What's amiss, Lucy?" he asked.

"I—I—I know all about your secret at the Maze," she said, with a great burst of emotion, her chest heaving, her breath coming in gasps.

Sir Karl started as though he had been shot. His very lips turned of an ashy whiteness.

"Lucy! you cannot know it!"

"Heaven knows I do," she answered. "I have learnt it all this day. Oh, how could you so deceive me?"

Sir Karl's first act was to dart to the door that opened on the corridor and bolt it. He then opened the two doors leading to the chambers on either side, looked to see that no one was in either of them, shut the doors again, and bolted them.

"Sir Karl, this has nearly killed me."

"Hush!" he breathed. "Don't talk of it aloud, for the love of God!"

"Why did you marry me?" she asked.

"Why, indeed," he retorted, his voice one of sad pain. "I have reproached myself enough for it since, Lucy."

She was silent. The answer angered her; and she had need of all her best strength, the strength she had so prayed for, to keep her lips from a cruel reply. She sat in her low dressing-chair, gazing at him with reproachful eyes.

He said no more just then. Well-nigh overwhelmed with the blow, he stood back against the window-frame, his arms folded, his face one of pitiful anguish. Lucy, his wife, had got hold of the dreadful secret that was destroying his own peace, that he had been so cunningly planning to conceal.

"How did you learn it?" he asked.

"I shall never tell you," she answered, with quiet firmness, resolved not to make mischief by betraying Theresa. "I know it, and that is enough. Put it down, if you choose, that it was revealed to me by accident—or that I guessed it."

"But, Lucy, it is necessary I should know."

"I have spoken, Sir Karl. I will never tell you."

The evening breeze came wafting into that room of pain; cooling, it might be, their fevered brows, though they were not conscious of it. Lady Wynne resumed:

"The unpardonable deceit you practiced on my father and mother——"

Sir Karl's start of something like horror interrupted her. "They must never know it, Lucy. In mercy to us all you must join with me in concealing it from them."

"It was very wicked in you to have concealed it from them at all. At least to have married me *with* such a secret—for I conclude you could not have really dared to tell them. They deserved better at your hands. I was their only daughter; all they had to love."

"Yes, it was wrong. I have reproached myself since worse than you can reproach me. But I did not know the worst then."

She turned from him proudly. "I—I wanted to tell you, Sir Karl, that I for one will never forgive or forget your falsehood and deceit; and, what I am about to say, I say for my father and mother's sake. I will keep it from them, always if I can; I will bury it within my own breast, and remain on here in your home, your ostensible wife. I had thought of leaving your house for theirs, never to return; but the exposure it would bring frightened me; and, in truth, I shrink from the scandal."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "My 'ostensible' wife?"

"I shall never be your wife again in reality. That can be your room"—pointing to the one they had jointly occupied; "this one is mine," indicating the chamber on the other hand. "Aglae has already taken my things into it."

Sir Karl stood gazing at her, lost in surprise.

"No one but ourselves need know of this," she resumed, her eyes dropping before the tender, pitiful gaze of his. "The arrangements are looked upon by Aglae as a mere matter of convenience in the hot weather; the servants will understand it as such. I would spare us both gossip. For your sake and for mine I am proposing this medium course

—to avoid the scandal that would otherwise ensue. I shall have to bear, Karl—to bear—" her heart nearly failed her in its bitter grief—"but it will be better than a public separation."

"You *cannot* mean what you say?" he exclaimed. "Live apart from me! The cause cannot justify it."

"It scarcely becomes you to say this. Have you forgotten the sin?" she added in a whisper.

"The sin? Well, of course it was sin—crime, rather. But this is of the past."

She thought she understood what he wished to imply, and bit her lips to keep down their bitter words. He was surely treating her as the veriest child, striving to hoodwink her still! That he was agitated almost beyond control, she saw, and did not wonder at.

"The sin is past," he repeated. "No need to recal it or talk of it."

"Be it so," she scornfully said. "Its results remain. *This*, I presume, was the great secret you spoke of the night before our marriage."

"It was. And you see now, Lucy, why I did not dare to speak more openly. I grant that it would have been enough to prevent our marriage, had you then so willed it: but, being my wife, it is not any sufficient cause for you to separate yourself from me."

"I am the best judge of that. Not sufficient cause! I wonder you dare say it. It is an outrage on all the proprieties of life. You must bring—them—to the Maze here, close to your roof and mine!"

In her shrinking reticence, she would not mention to him the girl in plain words; she would not even say "her," but substituted the term "them," as though speaking of Mrs. Grey and her servants collectively. Sir Karl's answer was a hasty one,

"That was not my doing. The coming to the Maze was the greatest mistake ever made. I was powerless to help it."

Again she believed she understood. That when Sir Karl had wished to shake off certain trammels, he found himself not his own master in the matter, and could not.

"And so you submitted?" she scornfully said.

"I had no other choice, Lucy."

"And you pay your visits there!"

"Occasionally. I cannot do otherwise."

"Does it never occur to you to see that public exposure may come?" she continued in the same contemptuous tone. For the time, Lucy Wynn's sweet nature seemed wholly changed. Every feeling she possessed had risen up against the bitter insult thrust upon her—and Sir Karl seemed to be meeting it in a coolly insulting spirit.

"The fear of exposure is killing me, Lucy," he breathed, his chest heaving with its painful emotion. "I have been less to blame than you imagine. Let me tell you the story from the beginning, and you will see that——"

"I will not hear a word of it," burst forth Lucy. "It is not a thing that should be told to me. At any rate, I will not hear it."

"As you please, of course; I cannot force it on you. My life was thorny enough before; I never thought that, even if the matter came to your knowledge, you would take it up in this cruel manner, and add to my pain and perplexity."

"It is for the Maze that we have to be economical here!" she rejoined, partly as a question, her hand laid on her rebellious bosom.

"Yes; yes. You see, Lucy, in point of fact——"

"I see nothing but what I do see. I wish to see no further."

Sir Karl looked searchingly at her, as though he could not understand. Could this be his own loving, gentle Lucy? It was indeed difficult to think so.

"In a day or two, when you shall have had time to recover from the blow, Lucy—and a blow I acknowledge it to be—you will, I hope, judge me more leniently. You are my wife, and I will not give you up; there is no real cause for it. When you shall be calmer, you may feel sorry for things you have said now."

"Sir Karl, listen, and take your choice. I will stay in your house on the terms I have mentioned, and they shall be perfectly understood and agreed to by both of us, or I will leave it for the protection of my father. In the latter case I shall have to tell him why. It is for you to choose."

"Have you well weighed what your telling would involve?"

"Yes; exposure, and that is what I wish to avoid. If it has to come, it will be your fault. The choice lies with you. My decision is unalterable."

Sir Karl Wynne wiped his brow of the fever drops gathered there. It was a bitter moment, and he considered that his wife was acting with most bitter harshness. But no alternative was left him, for he dared not risk exposure and its awful consequences.

And so that was the decision. They were to live on—enemies—under the same roof; or at best, not friends. The interview lasted longer, but no more explicit explanation took place between them, and when they parted, they parted under a mutual and total misapprehension which neither of the two knew or suspected. Misapprehension had existed throughout the interview, and was to exist. It was one of those miserable cases that now and then occur in the world—a sort of mutual misunderstanding for which no one is to blame. Sometimes it is never set right on this side of the grave.

Her heart was aching just as much as his. She loved him passionately, and she was calming down from her anger to a softer mood, such as parting always brings.

"Will you not send the—the people away?" she whispered in a last word, and with a burst of grief.

"If I can I will," was his answer. "I am hemmed in, Lucy, by all kinds of untoward perplexities, and I cannot do as I would. Good-night. I never could have believed you would take it up like this."

They shook hands and parted. The affair had been, at last, amicably arranged, so to say, and the separation was begun.

And so Sir Karl and Lady Wynne were henceforth divided, and the household knew it not.

Miss Blake did not suspect a word of it. She saw no signs of any change—for outwardly, Sir Karl and his wife were civil and courteous to each other, as usual, meeting at meals, present together in daily intercourse. After a few days, Miss Blake questioned Lady Wynne.

"Surely, you have not been so foolishly soft as to condone that matter, Lucy?"

But Lucy wholly refused to satisfy her. Nay, she smiled, and as good as tacitly let Miss Blake suppose that she might even have been soft and foolish. Not even to her, or to any other living being, would Lucy betray what was sacred between herself and her husband.

"I am content to let it rest, Theresa, and I must request that you will do the same. Sir Karl and I both wish it."

Miss Blake caught in the smile and the gently evasive words, and was struck mute at Lucy's sin and folly. She quite thought she ought to have an atonement offered up for her at St. Jerome's. Surely, Eve was not half so frail and foolish when she took the apple!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FINDING HIS MATCH.

A lawyer's office after midnight does not sound particularly like an attractive place; but it wasn't so dull, after all.

The carpet was worn and dingy, after the prevailing style of lawyer's offices, but the leather-cushioned-easy chairs were as cosy as if they had been upholstered in satin, and the low, clear fire burned in the grate, while, through the blue clouds of wreathing smoke, two cigar tips shone with festive glow.

For Charley Hale and his friend Meredith Pike were "unbending" after an evening spent at a fashionable soiree.

Hale was tall and handsome, with dark eyes and rich brown hair, and a moustache which was the envy of half the *jeunesse doree* about town.

Mr. Pike, although his features were sufficiently regular, and his eyes of a romantic shade of blue, had something sinister and disagreeable in the expression of his face, while an almost invisible wrinkle between his brows bespoke the steady earnestness with which he looked after the "main chance" in life.

"My dear fellow," said Hale, stopping to light a fresh cigar, "pardon my stupidity. I have been so busy raving about Barbara Selden that I have quite forgotten to congratulate you."

"To congratulate me?" echoed Pike. "And what for, in the name of all the heathen divinities?"

"On the impression you have so evidently made on Miss Belinda Orr."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Pike.

"And why that contemptuous monosyllable? Weren't you flirting with her half the evening?"

"Because she wouldn't let me go."

"Come now," laughed Hale, "that's a little too transparent. Why, man, half the people there were laughing about it."

"Then all I can say is that they had better been minding their own business. Why, she's forty, if she's a day."

"Forty is the golden hey-day of life—a lily open to the noonday sun."

"Then, why don't you marry her yourself?" misanthropically demanded Meredith Pike.

"Because I'm engaged to blue eyed Barbara," was the answer. "I prefer eighteen years and a rosebud complexion to money; but you are of a more practical turn of mind."

"What do you mean?" asked Pike.

"I mean that Miss Orr has money."

Pike's blue eyes scintillated; his companion had at last struck the right chord.

"Has she? How much?"

"Nobody knows, I suppose. At least, I don't."

"That makes a difference," said Pike, looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"Pike," cried Charley Hale, "what a mercenary scoundrel you are. There'll be a judgment on you yet for that trait of your very interesting character."

"A man must look out for number one," said Pike, coldly shrugging his shoulders, "and if Miss Orr is rich, why——"

Hale jumped up and tossed his half-smoked cigar into the grate.

"I won't stay here to hear that sort of thing," he said, half jestingly, half in earnest.

And he went out into the clear, starry freshness of the winter's night, leaving Mr. Meredith Pike to the companionship of his own thoughts.

Miss Belinda Orr sat in her parlor, the next morning, yawning over a newspaper—a tall, rather angular lady, with high cheek bones, muddy hazel eyes, and hair painfully verging upon red.

But she had a very artistic complexion, not to say artificial, and her dress was very elegant and expensive, and she had a juvenile lisp and a pretty way of holding her head on one side, like a child listening to a fairy story, and after all, one can't expect perfection. She had just opened her mouth for the thirteenth yawn in fifteen minutes when a card was brought up.

"A visitor? For me?" cried Miss Belinda. "And as I live, it's that very agreeable and interesting young lawyer. Show him up, Sarah, by all means."

Meredith Pike did not stay long, but he made himself exceedingly agreeable, and Belinda fell into a reverie after he was gone that lasted full five minutes.

"I think I've made some impression on him," thought the mature damsel. "Yes, I really do think so—and if I could only be married before that insolent little chit, Barbara Selden, I should have nothing left to wish for."

For twenty years fruitless pursuit of the ignus fatuus, matrimony, had rendered our fair heroine perfectly reckless on the subject.

It was scarcely a week subsequent to this morning call, when Mr. Pike was astonished in the legal solitudes of his office by the fair visions of a lady.

"Walk in, ma'am, and take a chair," said Meredith, rising and bowing politely. "Why it's Miss Orr."

"Yes," said Belinda, laughing girlishly, and trying to blush, "it is really I. And I hope you won't think my visit so very strange."

"Not at all," said Mr. Pike; but he did think it strange, nevertheless.

"It's on business," said Belinda.

"Indeed?" commented Meredith.

"I haven't felt very well lately," said Miss Orr, pathetically, "so——"

"I regret exceedingly to hear it," said Mr. Pike, in accents of the tenderest commiseration.

"Oh, it's nothing," said Belinda; "only it has called my attention to the necessity of making my will. And I prefer to have you, Mr. Pike, as a friend"—Belinda's voice softened a little on this monosyllable—"execute the instrument."

"I appreciate your confidence," said Mr. Pike. "Believe me, it is not misplaced."

"Please put down the items at once," said Belinda; "for I am such a child in business matters, that I can only tell you what I want done, and leave the legal forms to you."

Mr. Pike drew pen, ink, and paper towards him.

"Well," said Miss Belinda, checking off the heads on her fingers, "I would like to leave fifty thousand dollars each to my two sisters, Sarah Jane Smith and Celestia Bellfield, and fifty thousand to the Old Maid's Refuge, and ten thousand to the Orphans' Home, and all the rest, without reserve, to my brother, Simon Orr, of Westbrook."

"Yes, exactly so; 'all the rest, without reserve,'" noted down Mr. Pike, his eyes glittering as they followed the rapid course of his pen.

"How soon will the instrument be ready for me to sign?" asked Belinda, demurely.

"As soon as it is possible for me to prepare it," said the lawyer. "But, Miss Orr, it is getting dark; surely you will allow me to see you home?"

"I'm afraid it's too much trouble."

"Trouble!"

Meredith Pike caught his hat from the peg, and never once, in his enthusiasm, thought of his overcoat.

He woke up next morning in possession of two new things—one was a bad cold in the head, the other, Miss Belinda Orr's promised hand and heart. For Mr. Pike was not one to let the grass grow under his feet. The golden items in Miss Orr's projected will had fanned the dormant embers of love into an ardent blaze. Belinda had her wish.

She was married before Barbara Selden, after all. For Barbara had no fortune of her own, and Charley Hale was wise enough to wait until he had a cage of some sort before he brought home his little sweet bird.

"My dear," said Mr. Pike, when the honeymoon was beginning to wane, "my dear, you have never told me yet how your money is invested."

Mrs. Meredith Pike poured out another cup of chocolate, and helped herself to a slice of hot buttered toast, before she made answer, slowly:

"Well, to tell you the truth, Merry, my love, it's mostly invested in my wedding-clothes. The dressmakers do charge so shamefully now-a-days that—"

"Yes, yes, I know that," said Mr. Pike: "but I mean the money that was to have been left to the sisters and Mr. Simon Orr, and the Old Maid's Refuge and the Orphans' Home."

Belinda laughed a little discordantly, Mr. Pike thought.

"That was all nonsense, Meredith."

"Nonsense!"

Mr. Pike grew green.

"Why, of course! I never had any money."

"Woman," gasped the outwitted limb of the law, "you have basely deceived me! You have married me under false pretenses! You——"

"Don't make a noise, Meredith, or we shall have the police in here," observed his wife, calmly. "Do you mean you didn't love me for myself alone?"

"Do you suppose I would have married you if you hadn't led me to believe you were rich?"

"Ah," said Mrs. Pike, with a fresh draught of chocolate, "then we're even, Mr. Pike. You deceived me about love and I deceived you about money. It isn't worth while to spend any more time in calling each other names, is it?"

But Meredith Pike felt bitterly that they were not even. Mrs. Pike had the best of the bargain, bad though it was. She had got a husband, and he—had got his match.

He had outmanœuvered himself.

"He can't help himself," cried Mrs. Pike, gleefully to herself, as her bridegroom banged out of the door and went down stairs like a hyena broken loose from his cage.

And Mrs. Pike was right.

There are some corners in life from which a man cannot escape, and does not deserve to.

SPUYT DEN DUYVEL.

Between two hills, one wooded and desolate, the other bare and inhabited, just above Washington Heights, flows a narrow stream. It is Spuyt den Duyvel creek, which, with the Harlem river, separates Manhattan Island from the main-land. Its queer name often puzzles the curious, who inquire for its origin. Diedrich Knickerbocker solves the problem. He tells us that when Anthony Van Corlear, Governor Stuyvesant's great trumpeter, was on a mission to stir up the country to war beyond the Harlem river, he came to this stream. There was no ferry-boat there. The wind was high and the waters were turbulent. Feeling the urgency of his errand, Anthony swore he would cross the creek *en spuyt den duyvel* (in spite of the devil), and taking a hearty embrace of his stone bottle, he plunged into the stream. When half-way over, he was seen to struggle violently, and giving a vehement blast of his trumpet, sunk forever to the bottom. The clangor of the trumpet aroused the people far and near, who hurried to the spot in amazement. "Here an old Dutch burgher," says the chronicler, "famed for his veracity, and who had been a witness of the fact, related to them the melancholy affair, with the fearful addition (to which I am slow of giving belief) that he saw the devil, in the shape of a huge moss-bunker, seize the sturdy Anthony by the leg and drag him beneath the waves." The stream and the wooded point have been called Spuyt den Duyvel ever since.

"Spitting Devil!" shouted the brakeman on a Hudson river car one evening, as the train "slowed" at this spot. "What gave this place so queer a name?" a young woman asked a stranger who was sitting by her side. He told her Irving's story, supposing she understood it to be a legend. Not so. Her womanly sympathies were aroused by the recital of the fate of the trumpeter, and she inquired, "Did he leave a family?" The gentleman modestly referred her to the chronicle. That chronicle says: "Though he was never married, yet did he leave behind him some two or three dozen children in different parts of the country, fine, chubby, brawling, flatulent little urchins, from whom, if legends speak true (and they are not apt to lie) did descend the innumerable race of editors who people and defend the country, and who are bountifully paid by the people for keeping up a constant alarm and making them miserable."—*Benson J. Lossing; in Harper's Magazine for April.*

On the beaten road there is tolerable traveling; but it is sore work, and many have to perish, fashioning a path through the impassable.

TRANSFORMATION.

BY SCHANQUE.

One night the wild wind raved; the rad
Rain beat the roof, the storm was mad;
But its fantastic terrors spent
Their force without, and scarcely sent
The knowledge of their presence to
The hearts of happy cotters, who,
Contented 'round their firesides, laughed
And joked, as they their good wine quaffed.

With morning they arose, and gazed
From out their windows sore amazed,
Yet filled with uncontrolled delight,
For, as the rain drops fell, each night
Old Boreas in his grip did seize,
And now the shrubs, and giant trees,
Were clothed, and draped, and armed in ice
A perfect dress of strange device.

Each limb swayed stiffly to and fro,
And with its burden bending low,
Did creak and groan most dismally,
As if it longed to be free.
And some frail boughs and saplings broke,
And startling echoes oft' awoke
As down upon the kindly snow,
Their bright festoonings quickly go.

A wondrous change of curve and form,
The magic work of rain and storm:
A wilderness of frosted sprays;
A picture of the good old days
When fairy land and fairy tales,
Of dreary caverns, spooks and whales,
Of magic rings, and bags of gold,
Were swallowed down as soon as told.

But in the light of these fair years,
Such happy nonsense disappears.
So down upon this frosty dream
There silly stole a bright sunbeam,
And soon the ice-imprisoned trees
Toss'd off their armor-plates with ease,
And stuck up bare, and cold, and free,
And threw the romance back at me.

A WIFE WORTH HAVING.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The old ship Vincent seemed to be one of those crafts that, according to the theory of sailors, are doomed to ill-fate. James Marshall, a young man from Newport, R. I., had been her captain for five years, and during that time she had been twice "knocked down," once had she carried away her foremast, and, at the time of which we write, the old ship was docked at Liverpool, undergoing repairs from a serious damage she had received during a heavy gale in St. George's Channel. But, in all these mishaps, the owners had been forced to acknowledge that the young captain was entirely free from blame, while, on the other hand, he had made better "time" in his trips than any other master had ever been able to get out of her.

The last damage which the Vincent received proved to be the occasion of the dawning of a new era in the life of Captain Marshall, for, while waiting in Liverpool for his ship to be repaired, he fell in with a blooming New England girl, named Emma Ramsay, the eldest daughter of the agent who did the business for the Vincent's owners, and ere long they discovered that between them there existed a peculiar feeling of mutual love.

Captain Marshall popped the delicate question, Emma consulted with her papa, and at length she consented to become Mrs. Marshall. It was a happy day for all parties when the marriage took place, for, from the known characters of the bridegroom and his beautiful bride, all felt sure that the match would prove one of peace and content.

The Vincent was once more ready for sea. Her cargo was all on board and shipped for Boston, and Emma had resolved to accompany her husband to the United States.

For a number of days the weather was pleasant and the wind was fair, while Captain Marshall felt himself supremely happy in the delightful company of his wife. The old sailors shook their heads as they saw the gentle Emma pacing the deck, and they very mysteriously asserted that "such pleasure couldn't always last."

And so, indeed, it proved, for, at the close of a pleasant day, when they were within three or four days' sail of their destined port, things began to look anything but agreeable. Away to the south'rd and east'rd the horizon began to assume a sort of inky blackness, with here and there a ghost-like, livid spot, while on all hands the heavens had changed their ethereal blue for a cast of deeper and more fearful import.

Captain Marshall felt as he had never felt before on the approach of a storm. For himself, for his ship, he had no thought then. There was one on board who engrossed his every sympathy; for his young wife he felt a degree of intense anxiety that was painful, but he forgot not his duty, and with comparative calmness he set about it.

The courses were hauled up and snugly furled, the lighter sails taken in, and the lofty yards and topgallant masts sent on deck, and the three topsails close reefed.

Long before the sun went down, the undulating ocean had assumed almost the blackness of night, and not many moments elapsed after the spars had been secured upon the deck ere the storm burst upon the ship. It was a regular southeaster, and those who have encountered one of these storms in the Gulf, know something of their power.

Higher and higher rose the mighty tempest, until at length it was found necessary to take in the topsails, and trust to the fore and main storm-staysails and a balance-reefed spanker, and in this way the ship lay-to till morning, the gale increasing every hour.

Captain Marshall had trusted that when the sun rose on the next day the storm would abate, but in this he was disappointed, for a part of the afternoon he was actually obliged to scud before it. It was not until two staysails had been torn from their bolt-ropes that he broke his fears to his wife.

"Emma," said he, "I wish I had not taken you with me."

"Why so?" she asked, as she gazed up into her husband's face with apparent astonishment.

"Why so! Do you not comprehend our danger?"

"But the ship does not leak, does it?" returned Emma, with remarkable coolness.

"No."

"Then let us not fear the storm. I was born upon the Atlantic, and I feel that I can yet trust to my native element."

The captain was astonished at this trait in his wife's character, and clasping her in his arms he felt his own soul swelling with a new life.

"Emma," he said, as he gazed more affectionately than ever into her face, "my heaviest fears are passed. For you alone have I feared the most; but now I can calmly tell you wherein lies our danger. This storm has driven us far out of our course, and twice have we been scudding before it. I fear that the coast of Maine cannot be far to the leeward, and of that coast I know nothing, save what I may gather from my chart. For us to lay-to is next to impossible—The rising sea has rendered our stay-sails useless, and I have been obliged to set the close-reefed main-topsail, but she cannot hold it long."

"My husband," returned Emma, "though you may know nothing of the coast of Maine, yet there are but few spots along her rugged shores that are not as play-grounds to me. My father was for many years a surveyor of her islands and harbors, and I was his constant companion. To me her cliffs and inlets present nothing that can alarm me."

Hardly had she ceased speaking when a sharp crack, like the report of a pistol, sounded from aloft, followed by a tearing and crashing that started the captain to his feet.

"The main-topsail has gone!" he exclaimed, and immediately he sprang upon the deck.

Again the ship was put before the gale, and for several moments Captain Marshall was undecided what to do. While in this quandary he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and on turning, he beheld his wife. She had a "sou'-wester" upon her head, and a pea-jacket buttoned close about her.

"What is the matter, James?" she said.

Her husband explained his perplexity.

A strange look of fearlessness and confidence rested upon that fair woman's face, and looking for a moment at the compass, she said:

"We head due north-west. Station a trusty lookout in the fore-top, *and let the ship stand on!*"

Captain Marshall felt at that moment as though an angel had been sent to pilot him to a haven of rest. Whence arose the feeling he knew not, but instinctively he obeyed. Fearful and loud roared the mighty storm, and on dashed the riven ship, but all fearless and composed stood the heroic woman upon the quarter-deck, and the hardy seamen, as they gazed upon her, felt that what daunted not a woman should not daunt them.

"*Land-ho!*" came from the fore-top.

In three minutes more, as the ship rose upon the bosom of a giant sea, the land was made out from the deck, bearing about two points on the larboard bow. Emma caught sight of it, and seizing a glass, at the next swell she discovered a lighthouse upon its summit. Then she turned her glass over the starboard beam, and in a moment she exclaimed:

"There are the Bantam Ledges. That land on the starboard bow is Seguin, and beyond I can see Cape Small Point. James," she continued, as she gazed into her husband's face with a look all made up of conscious power, "if you will drop your fore-topsail, *I will take you into the Kennebeck!*"

For a moment Captain Marshall hardly credited the evidence of his own senses, but one look into the calm, radiant features of his wife determined him, and in five minutes the fore-topsail was sheeted home.

Emma Marshall seized the spanker out-haul and sprang upon the wheel-house, and calm as the falling of the summer's dew fell her orders to the men at the wheel. The Island of Seguin was cleared in safety, the ship bowled fearlessly by the foam-dashed rocks, and ere long her bows cleft the smoother waters of the noble Kennebeck. All danger was passed. Though the storm still raged, yet the old Vincent rode at anchor, and the howling tempest could harm her no more.

Emma Marshall descended from her station and sought her cabin. Her rough habiliments were thrown aside, and ere long she reappeared in all the modesty and beauty of her native grace. Captain Marshall pressed her to his bosom, and at that moment the hardy seamen waved their hats high above their uncovered heads, while a prolonged shout of joy and gratitude went forth from their relieved souls. They had been saved from the terrible "*Coast Storm*," and from the bottom of their hearts they confessed that Emma Marshall was a WIFE WORTH HAVING.

MACE AND NUTMEGS.—Most of our readers doubtless know that the nutmeg, like all other spice, grows in tropical countries. The fruit of the nutmeg tree, especially as it approaches maturity, is very like a large yellow peach. At maturity the outer hull opens, and if not gathered the valuable product would soon fall to the ground. The mace is the second coat which covers the nutmeg, and almost envelopes the dark, impervious hull, or third covering of the nutmeg. When the product is gathered the mace is of a deep red color, and is taken carefully from the hull which still incloses the nut. Then the hull is broken and the nut taken out, when it is ready for market. In the palmy days of the "Hon. East India Company," all the company's possessions were governed by twenty-four gentlemen in London, called the "Hon. Court of Directors," who had spent all their lives from early manhood to middle age in India, were usually the company's most distinguished civil and military servants, and were supposed to know everything pertaining to the interests of the great corporation. They superintended the sale of all Indian products, and, finding at one period that the mace sold more readily than the nutmeg, they wrote to the government in India *to cultivate more of the mace and less of the nut!*

REV. S. LOCKWOOD thus describes the little reptile called the Florida chameleon, in the *Naturalist:* The specific Latin name of this lizard is *Anolis principalis*, and it is sometimes known as the green Carolina lizard, as it is not met with further north than South Carolina. In its ability to change color it resembles the chameleon of the Old World, from which, however, it is structually different. This creature lives principally on flies and other insects, and spiders. They make very interesting pets, if we may believe the writer, who relates that a lady once appeared with four of them at the dining table of a hotel in Florida. "They were fastened to her headgear by silken threads, and ran over her head and neck and nestled in the tresses of her hair, as they saw fit."

If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of the sense of smell, taste, or hearing, eyes watery or weak, feel dull and stupid or debilitated, pain or pressure in the head, take cold easily, you may rest assured that you have the Catarrh. Thousands annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, terminate in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive, or less understood by physicians. R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., is the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy—a perfect Specific for Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," or Catarrhal Headache.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—The annual income of Oxford and Cambridge Universities is nearly $4,000,000.

—Gas bills are very much like "Old Hundred"—they are always constructed by long metre.

—The King of Burmah has ordered that all the tribunals and other public offices shall be closed for forty days. During this period, the ceremony of boring the Princesses' ears is to be performed.

—The troop-ship Himalaya, the largest in the British navy, has been sent to Bombay to bring home the numerous horses, tigers, and elephants presented to the Prince of Wales during his recent tour.

—Spring fashions—Strawberry shortcakes will this year be cut bias and rather fuller in the crust than usual. Those in two shades of saleratus, trimmed with the material, will be much in vogue.

—The population of Philadelphia, according to the census taken a few days ago, foots up to 817,448, an increase of 143,426—or over 21 per cent.—since 1870, when the last United States census was taken.

—A modest editor says that he mentions the fact that the most distinguished men of America are to be invited to the Centennial celebration, that his readers may understand why he is away if he should leave town for a day or two next month.

—Silah Wilcox, of Prince Edward's Island, is sure he has found the "missing link" in a bed of marl on the island. He unearthed a human (?) skeleton, to which was attached the bones of an unmistakable tail. Where is Darwin?

—We are glad to say that Professor Balestriori, of Naples, has at last succeeded in inventing a phototermicoarmillare, thus supplying a want that has long been felt; at least we presume it has, or Professor Balestriori wouldn't have troubled himself to invent the thing.

—The Chinese have built a man-of-war, and named her "The Terror to Western Nations." But she has not proved much of a terror yet, for the government allowance of grease for the ways was so small that she was launched with great difficulty, and when launched, the engines refused to work the screw, and the Chinese are wondering how they are to start her on the mission of terror.

—Dr. Fayrer's opinion is that if systematic returns were kept, the annual number of deaths from snake bites—exclusive of all doubtful cases—in India, would be found to exceed twenty thousand. A larger proportion of women, it seems, than men, showing that the women of the working classes in India are busier than their lords, in the fields and other places where snakes are to be met with.

—Mr. Darwin has discovered that the pricking of the base of the brain and giving hydrocyanic acid, with strychnine, to an ordinary pigeon, brings on convulsive movements exactly like those of a tumbler; and the Chicago scientists have discovered that a similar change can as easily be produced in an ordinary man by the application of whisky, either with or without strychnine, near the base of the nose.

—The heaviest snow storm of the season fell in Kansas during the last days of March, blocking up the railroads in all parts of the State for from one to two weeks. A party of eight commercial travelers, snowed in for ten days at Marysville, Kansas, amused themselves by the publication of the *Commercial Travelers' Bosco*, under the editorial charge of Mr. George E. Jenkins. The announcement is made that the *Bosco* will be published *weekly* as long as the editors are snowed in.

—What a monster the bird will be when it gets its growth. A Marquette Centennial orator the other day, in an address before a public body in that city, said: "'Westward the star of empire takes its way,' until our eagle, grown with the dimensions of our country, rests his talons on the loftiest peaks of the Rocky Mountains, drops one pinion in the Atlantic ocean, and bathes the other in the distant waters of the Pacific, while he is billing and cooing Cuba to come and unite her destiny with that of the United States. At the same time his tail is cooled, and rests upon the icebergs up and around Duluth."

—Philadelphia was, last year, one of the two healthiest cities of the great world—a fact which cannot fail to interest all who contemplate visiting this city during the Centennial exhibition. The Registrar General of London, in his annual report for 1875, recently published, says that he has reports from more than twenty great cities, representing all but two of the great nations of the world, and these reports show that in the year, the mortality was lowest in Philadelphia and Christiana, Norway. These reports are all compiled in correspondence with the English system, so that the comparisons made are strictly true as comparisons.

AT our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric soap to try. Send at once.

RECEIPTS.

RHEUMATIC REMEDY.—One Samuel Deaton, of Christiansburg, Ohio, who had the rheumatism nineteen years, says the following is what cured him: one quart rye whisky, one ounce wild cherry bark (root), one ounce prickly ash root, one ounce yellow dock root, one ounce spikenard root, one ounce gentian root, one ounce gum myrrh.

DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING.—Vitriolated spirits of ether, one ounce; camphor, twelve grains. Make a solution, of which take a teaspoonful during the paroxysm. This is usually found to afford instantaneous relief in difficulty of breathing depending on internal diseases and other causes, where the patient, from a very quick and laborious breathing, is obliged to be in an erect posture.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.—If the globes on a gas fixture are much stained on the outside by smoke, soak them in tolerably hot water in which a little washing soda has been dissolved. Then put a teaspoonful of powdered ammonia in a pan of lukewarm water, and with a hard brush scrub the globes until the smoke stains disappear. Rinse in clean, cold water. They will be as white as if new. Wax flowers, if left out in the drizzling rain, will be thoroughly cleaned in a short time.

WHEN oilcloths are put down around stoves they wear out on the edges quickly, unless protected in some way. Strips of zinc are used by some, but are not as good as common carpet binding doubled and tacked along the edge, or one edge of the binding put over the oilcloth and the other under, and fastened with tacks. Strips of oilcloth—gray, or any shade to suit the taste—will answer very well and can often be cut out of the best part of a garment that has been thrown by. For a common room, this last is as good as anything, and is the most economical.

A BOOT RACK.—One of the greatest troubles of the neat housewife in the country results from muddy boots of those members of the family who have to work in the fields, the stables, and the barnyard. The wet boots must be dried, and are generally left under the kitchen stove, where their presence is very disagreeable. Now, to have a neat kitchen, there should be a boot-rack placed behind the stove, in which the damp boots may be placed to dry. Such a contrivance has been found a great convenience. It has three shelves about four feet long, ten inches wide, and placed a foot apart. At one end a bootjack is fixed by hinges so that when not in use, it is folded against one end of the rack and secured by a button. There is also a stand for cleaning boots at the front, which also folds up when not in use, and the blacking brushes are placed on the shelves behind the stand, and are out of sight and when folded they hang down out of the way. The rack should be made of dressed pine boards, and stained some dark, durable color.

Ladies of Fashion.

To preserve the fresh glow of juvenility against the lapse of years and Time's effacing fingers is an object which has ever been dear to those gifted with beauty and personal charms. A benefactor of the race has invented a toilet preparation known as the "Bloom of Youth," which has accomplished wonders in aiding nature to retain the much prized gifts. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is undoubtedly the best preparation in the world for removing all blemishes and discoloration from the skin, leaving it clear, soft, and beautiful. Sold at all druggists.

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
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Saturday Evening, May 6, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

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INFLUENCE of COMPANIONSHIP.

It is a common saying that men are known by the company they keep. The sober do not naturally associate with the drunken, the refined with the coarse, the decent with the dissolute. To associate with depraved persons argues a low taste and vicious tendencies, and to frequent their society leads to inevitable degradation and loss of character. Even if it does no immediate harm, it leaves its seeds in the mind and follows us, sure to spring up in future resurrection.

Intercourse with even commonplace, selfish persons, may prove most injurious, by inducing a dry, dull, reserved and selfish condition of mind, more or less inimical to true manliness and breadth of character. The mind soon learns to run in small grooves, the heart grows narrow and contracted, and the moral nature becomes weak, irresolute, and accommodating, which is fatal to all generous ambition or real excellence.

On the other hand, association with persons wiser, better, and more experienced than ourselves, is always more or less inspiring and invigorating. They enhance our own knowledge of life. We correct our estimates by theirs, and become partners in their wisdom. We enlarge our field of observation through their eyes, profit by their experience, and learn not only from what they have enjoyed, but—which is still more instructive—from what they have suffered. If they are stronger than ourselves, we become participators in their strength. Hence companionship with the wise and energetic never fails to have a most valuable influence on the formation of character, increasing our resources, strengthening our resolves, elevating our aims, and enabling us to exercise greater dexterity and ability in our own affairs, as well as more effective helpfulness of others.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XV.

AID FROM ABROAD.

"Hardly," says one historian, "had the music of the last night's revels died away," before General Howe received news of Lafayette's advance to Barren Hill. Rousing his knights, weary from their efforts to win laurels in the mock contests of the Meschianza, he bid them prepare for real service, and determining by a bold stroke to redeem the military reputation now in jeopardy, pushed on with Clinton and Knyphausen to surprise Lafayette. This young officer had received warning of the approach, and, by a skilful manœuvre, gained time to escape with the main body of his army over a ford which had been left unprotected.

Thus poor Sir William was destined to march back to Philadelphia and confess to another "fool's errand." Four days later he returned to England, regretted by his officers, who sincerely loved and honored him, and also by the American army, who dreaded the advent of a more formidable opponent.

Sir Henry Clinton became Howe's successor, with orders to evacuate Philadelphia, as a French fleet was daily expected to enter the Delaware, which orders were carried out June 18, 1778. Philadelphia became once more a Whig city, and those who had lately flaunted royalist colors were forced to pull them down and raise the stars and stripes. It may be well to mention here that the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew had entirely disappeared from the ensign of the Republic, having been superseded by our own blue field with its stars, one for each State.

General Arnold was made commandant of the city, establishing his headquarters on Market street in a comfortable mansion which had been General Howe's residence under the British *regime*. Here Arnold lived luxuriously, contracting, it is said, many of the debts and extravagant habits that led to his subsequent "greed for gain" and dastardly barter of his country for British gold, and here he wooed and won one of the beautiful Tory ladies of Philadelphia, Miss Margaret Shippen.

So adroitly did Sir Henry Clinton manage the evacuation of Philadelphia, that Washington was not informed with certainty of the movement until he had actually crossed the Delaware. Suspecting his design of taking a land route to New York, Washington broke up his camp at Valley Forge and pressed on in pursuit of the British army, which he overtook at Monmouth, in New Jersey. The battle of Monmouth, fought Sunday, June 28th, was one of the most severely contested of the war, lasting through the oppressive heat of that long summer day.

Darkness fell upon the contending armies while Washington was endeavoring to press his advantages so hardly gained, for although Lafayette and Wayne had fought valiantly, and were entirely in unison with the commander-in-chief, Lee, who had been recently exchanged, by his jealousy and treachery again seriously jeopardized the hopes of the Continental army.

The suspicions of the ingenuous Lafayette were at last aroused by Lee's evident reluctance to attack the British rear, at a moment when it seemed to all most desirable.

"You do not know the British soldiers," urged Lee; "we cannot stand up against them."

Instantly Lafayette despatched a messenger to Washington, who reached the field in time to meet Lee and his command in full retreat.

"Sir," exclaimed the commander, "I desire to know what is the reason and whence arises this confusion?"

"Stung, not so much by these words as by the manner of Washington, Lee retorted harshly, and a few angry words passed between them." There was little time for parley, the enemy was upon them, and ordering Lee peremptorily to stop the dastardly retreat that he had started, Washington hastened back to the main army, formed them into line of battle, and, sustained by his officers and troops, succeeded in gaining a decisive victory, whose advantage he hoped to follow up the ensuing day.

"The new British commander-in-chief had seen enough of Washington, for the present at least," and while the American army lay upon the battle-ground, wrapped in slumbers that, after the fatigues of the day, seemed almost as profound as those who slept their last sleep beside them, Sir Henry, leaving his sick and wounded on the field, escaped with his army, and hastened toward Sandy Hook. From thence they were conveyed by Lord Howe's fleet to New York, the headquarters of the British army during the remainder of the war.

Washington withdrew his army to Brunswick, and from thence to White Plains in West Chester County.

Shortly after the battle of Monmouth, Lee was court-martialed and sentenced to one year's suspension.

Again we find the British committing the cruel outrage of calling to their aid Indian allies. In June, 1778, while Congress was employed in diplomatic discussions with Sieur Girard, the French envoy, Colonel John Butler, with his Tory band and about five hundred Indians headed by the chief Brandt, entered the beautiful valley of Wyoming, with intent to destroy its peaceful colony.

"This Wyoming massacre"—immortalized by Campbell—says one historian, "was part of the policy of the British ministry, settled in the councils of the king in his own palace." Whether or not this is true, the plot and its execution were worthy of the darkest ages of ignorance and superstition—worthy of that twilight time in Britain when brute force and Druid cunning ruled the people. Although the inhabitants of Wyoming were completely surprised by these Vandals from the north, Colonel Zebulon Butler gathered together the scattered militia of the settlement, which, with the strength of desperation, withstood the invaders until overwhelmed by superior numbers they were cut down, and the only barrier that stood between their homes and ruthless destruction removed. The cruel tomahawk, in the hands of the savages and their squaws, fire, and the sword completed the ruin of all these happy households of the valley. Those who escaped the first day's massacre fled to Fort Wyoming, where they were surprised and slain the following day, men, women, and little children, indiscriminately. Over three hundred corpses dotted the plain, trophies of this victory of a most Christian majesty!

A similar fate, preparing for Virginia, was averted by the bold and decisive measures of Colonel George Clarke, who by a rapid march surprised Hamilton, with his band of Indians, at Vincennes, and compelled him to surrender.

This same month a French fleet under Count D'Estaing, appeared off the northern coast of Virginia. Having arrived too late to act against the British, in Philadelphia, the Count's desire was to co-operate with Washington at White Plains. This proving impracticable, he turned his attention to Rhode Island and prepared for an expedition against Newport.

On the 21st of July General Sullivan, commanding the troops in Rhode Island, was ordered to hold himself in readiness to act in unison with the French fleet; in consequence, however, of misunderstandings, and contrary winds and tempests, this enterprise was a failure.

On the 3d of November, D'Estaing sailed for the West Indies, bent upon attacking the British possessions there, and thus diverted the English fleet from our shores.

The Marquis de Lafayette, anticipating a war in Europe, was now desirous of returning to France, and Washington, anxious "to preserve the connection of this nobleman with the American army, expressed to Congress his wish that Lafayette might have an unlimited leave of absence, and carry with him every mark of the confidence of the government."

In December the Continental army retired into winter quarters, in Connecticut, near West Point, and at Middlebrook.

The close of the year 1778 found the British force concentrated upon two islands—Rhode Island and Manhattan, although the new year was to witness a desperate effort on their part to change the theatre of the war from the Northern to the Southern States. Sir Henry Clinton sent three thousand men to Georgia, under Colonel Campbell, who succeeded in taking Savannah, and then proceeded to South Carolina, where they called upon all the Tories of that State to join their standard, of whom there were not a few.

Foreseeing a brilliant campaign in the South, Clinton ordered General Prevost, then in command of St. Augustine, to march to Georgia and take possession, which he did, the Royalists gaining every important point in the State. Clinton's active brain having conceived certain advantages to be gained by the complete subjugation of Virginia, sent thither General Matthews with 2,000 men. Every town within reach was burned to the ground, including Portsmouth, Norfolk, Gosport, and Suffolk; but here the campaign ended, there being no Indian allies to complete the ruin and desolation.

Not content with this, Governor Tryon was sent to Connecticut with orders to lay waste and destroy, which he literally fulfilled; the shipping of New Haven being burned, and the towns of East Haven, Fairfield, and Norwalk.

In June, 1779, Clinton took possession of Verplank's and Stony Points, hoping to cut off all communication between the Eastern and Southern States. The last named position, commanding the Hudson River, was destined to be a fleeting treasure, as General Wayne, with a detachment from the main army, surprised the garrison, and after a desperate charge secured the fort. Mad Anthony was severely wounded while scaling the walls; but continued to cheer his men and give his orders, expressing his determination to die at the head of his column. This was not, however, written in the Book of Fate, as the brave general recovered from his wound, and lived to hear the capture of Stony Point spoken of as one of the most brilliant successes of the war. His dispatch to Washington is thus worded: "The fort and garrison, with Col. Johnson, are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free."

So it was being proved to the British government, day by day, through the darkness of dangers and defeat as well as by the clear shining of the light of victory, that it was the unalterable determination of the American people *to be free.*

CENTENNIAL SKETCHES.

By CHAS. McKNIGHT, Esq.

Author of "Simon Girty," "Old Fort Duquesne," Etc., Etc.

NUMBER 3.

COLONEL LINN AND HIS POWDER TRIP.

While the whole strength of the feeble and scattered Colonies was engaged in a desperate grapple with the vast and trained military power of Great Britain aided by her numerous bands of venemous Tories and her imported swarms of German hirelings, the extended Western frontier was exposed to a deadly and unintermitted warfare with confederated tribes of merciless savages. Their cruel depredations may be said to have stretched from the Scoharie, in the Mohawk valley, down to the falls of the Ohio. Their arms, ammunition, inspiration, and "bloody instructions" were drawn entirely from the British.

To defend themselves against these savage marauds, the hardy and intrepid frontiersmen were compelled to erect a line of forts, stations and blockhouses, into which they could repair with their families at the first intimation of danger. We may safely challenge all history, ancient or modern, to exhibit such a constant series of stubborn and desperate conflicts, and such a variety of exciting personal adventures as are embraced in the Border Chronicles of those dread days. It was a fierce, dogged, and embittered struggle between two brave and jealous races—the whites fighting for room and opportunity to live and thrive, and the reds for what they deemed their own soil and hunting grounds.

From this incessant exposure to imminent peril, there naturally grew up on the Border a race of sturdy, reckless, rough-and-ready Leather-stockings, to whom fear was absolutely unknown, and to many of whom the most thrilling passion of their lives was long, solitary hunts after Indians, whom they would track with the unswerving tenacity of the bloodhound, and, when found, grapple with a most marvelous audacity.

All their senses were on the alert, trained to a wonderous skill and quickness with the keen tomahawk and the unerring rifle; practiced in every variety of wood-craft, they had an ear equal to the subtle savages themselves for detecting the minutest sign of an enemy, and for trailing him through the most bewildering woods and undergrowth to his very lair. As one of their most inveterate Indian fighters, in his own quaint and homely hunter's jargon, confessed:

"I've fout cats, and bar, and painter, and every other wild varmint of the woods, but Injuns beats them all! Yes; Injuns beats them all!"

One of the most skilled and daring of these pioneer farmers was Colonel Wm. Linn, whose whole life was passed amid the turbulant scenes of the Border. He is said to have commenced his wilderness career as a trusted scout of Gen. Braddock's. He then settled on the upper Monongahela, and, like all the Borderers of that day, passed much of his time in hunting wild beasts and still more savage foes. He literally may be said to have carried his life in his hands; liable at any time to be shot or tomahawked from every tree that could cover a lurking foe, his home and family constantly exposed to the merciless attacks of a wily and implacable enemy. For years it was "war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt." In one of his campaigns, under Colonel McDaniel, against the savages, he was severely wounded in the shoulder.

From the first drum tap of the Revolution, Linn became a soldier, marching as lieutenant with Captain George Gibson, and serving in many a desperate encounter, with a company that soon obtained such a name for daring and hard fighting as to be called "Gibson's Lambs."

But he and his captain, Gibson, were now called upon to engage in a more important service for their harassed and impoverished country. Everyone has read of the almost total absence of artillery and ammunition with which the protracted war for our Independence was commenced. It was the want of powder and artillery which lost the initial great battle of Bunkers Hill, and which afterwards kept Washington's army so long idle about Boston.

This deficiency was partially supplied by the heroic and indefatigable exertions of Gen. Henry Knox, who, in the dead of winter, made a long and perilous journey to the lake forts, in quest of cannon and ordnance stores, and who, early in 1776, returned to camp, after having struggled with and successfully overcome difficulties almost innumerable, with a long train of sleds drawn by oxen, and bearing more than fifty cannon, mortars, and howitzers, which proved of incalculable service in the siege and bombardment of Boston, finally compelling its complete evacuation by Gage's army.

The western frontier was quite as badly off for powder as was the east, and a small detachment under Linn and Gibson were sent on a hurried expedition to New Orleans to procure, if possible, a supply from the Spanish authorities there. It was absolutely necessary that the expedition should be conducted with the utmost caution and secrecy. The two leaders dressed as traders and their men clad in the garb of common boatmen, embarked at Fort Pitt, the very head of the Ohio, in a pirogue or batteau, and commenced their devious and tedious course down the Ohio and Mississippi.

Few at this day can picture the romance, the hazards, and the difficulties of that bold and remarkable voyage. They were borne, day by day, night by night, along the majestic Ohio.

Strong without rage, without overflowing full, between walls of perpetual verdure, the wilderness on either side inhabited only by savage beasts or by the still more savage and wily red man, none now can ever know of the imminent risks they ran, of their ceaseless vigils, their sturdy endurance, their varied adventures, their fertile expedients to guard against surprise or elude attack.

At length they shoot out in their frail vessel into the turbid and onrushing Mississippi. Past swamps, islands, bayou, lagoon, and moss-covered forests they swiftly glide, and at length effect a stealthy landing at New Orleans, and craftily commence their negotiations. The town was filled with hostile British suspicious of every American movement, but the Spanish authorities were found friends.

The better to deceive the former, Gibson had the wit to have himself imprisoned by the authorities as a suspicious character, and afterwards secretly released when informed that Linn had quietly negotiated for as much powder as he could possibly procure and had all in readiness for its removal.

That portion intended for the seaboard was shipped by ocean in merchandise packages, through the agency of Oliver Pollock, an American, high in the favor of Don Galvos, the Spanish governor.

Gibson embarked along with this important venture, and saw it safe to its destination, while Linn with his barges had the more perilous duty of fighting his tedious way back to Wheeling, where, in 1777, he safely landed his trophies in the shape of one hundred and fifty kegs of powder, the supply for many and many a Border siege and expedition.

In the autumn of the same year we find Linn again at Wheeling, as scout for a volunteer party headed by Captain Foreman, a brave officer but wholly unused to the peculiarities of Indian warfare. One day a smoke was seen in the direction of Grave Creek, a few miles below Wheeling, and it being feared that Tomlinson's Stockade, on the Flats of Grave Creek, had been attacked and burned by Indians, Captain Foreman, with Linn his guide, and about forty-five men, started out on a scout.

They reached the creek in safety, found all right, and, contrary to the earnest protest of Linn, Foreman encamped on the Bottom, building up great fires, which would be sure to attract, if any such were abroad, roving bands of Indians.

Linn, with his little party of scouts, prudently retired to a secluded dell in the woods, and *there* passed the night, with eye and ear open to every passing sound. In the gray of the dawn Linn's attentive ear caught some slight sounds from the river, which were duly reported to Foreman, with the suggestion that Indians were watching their movements, and advising that to escape any ambuscade, it would be well to leave the Bottom and return home by the hill ridges.

The rash commander, feeling strong in numbers, and at the impunity which had thus far attended his movements, hooted at the very idea of such prudence, and ordered the party to proceed. Linn protested strongly, stating that the Indians had most probably, from the other side of the river, watched their party go down the previous day, that if strong enough to attack, they had probably crossed the Ohio during the night, and would be found in some ambuscade ahead of them.

The controversy ran high, but Foreman would not be dictated to by an inferior, and kept on his course. At which Linn, Wetzell, and a few other experienced scouts broke from the main party, in disgust, and commenced climbing the hill.

The main party proceeded. Just when the Bottom began to widen those in front had their attention drawn to a display of Indian beads and trinkets strewn profusely along the path. With a natural curiosity, but a great lack of sagacity, the entire party gathered about the artful decoy, and while thus standing in a compact group, two lines of Indians swiftly and silently stretched across the path, one in front and in the rear, while another body arose simultaneously from beneath the bank and opened upon the doomed command a most galling and fatal fire.

Captain Foreman, his two sons and most of his command fell dead. The rest, hemmed in on all sides but one, attempted to escape by climbing the steep hill side. At this critical juncture, Linn and his brave comrades, who had heard the firing and knew the cause, came rushing down the hill with loud whoops, and commenced a bold and spirited attack, which had the effect of alarming the Indians and saving the lives of many.

Of those who escaped up the hill, Robert Harkness, while pulling himself up by a sapling, had the bark knocked into his face by the ball from an Indian's rifle. John Collins was, at the same time, shot through the left thigh, and was carried by Linn and his companions to a spring on the hill-top, and thence taken on horseback back to Wheeling two days after.

The next year occurred Gen. Clark's famous and brilliant campaign against Kaskaskia and Vincennes. We read that on the passage down the Ohio Clark "most fortunately received a letter from Col. Campbell, of Fort Pitt, informing him of the French Alliance, a circumstance, as subsequent events showed, of the *utmost importance* to American arms."

The bearer of this letter was the dauntless and adventurous Col. Linn, who, enticed by the singularly romantic and perilous expedition of Clarke, and to whom, like the gallant Fitz James—

> If a path were dangerous known,
> The danger's self was lure alone,

had actually embarked by himself in a canoe, and all alone proceeded on what might be called a Quixotic venture, a distance of over nine hundred miles. What were the yells of the savage, the hazards of a lonely voyage, and the wilderness solitudes on either side, to such a reckless, dreadnaught patriot.

Joining that most remarkable expedition of the whole Revolution, he took such a conspicuous part and rendered such efficient service that when it afterwards appeared that, as a volunteer, he was not legally entitled to the lands granted Clark's army by Congress, his companions united to make him a donation of several thousand acres out of their own portions.

Soon after, Linn removed to the Falls of the Ohio, and it is said that the first fort at Louisville was built under his direction. He finally settled about ten miles from Louisville, and erected a picket-work against Indian assaults, known along the frontier as Linn's Station. Many are the exploits related of the tireless old Borderer in his struggles against his inveterate foes.

In 1780 Linn was one of the Colonels commanding Clarke's mounted expedition against the Mad River Indians, and throughout acted a most conspicuous part. His turbulent life was now, however, soon to be closed by a violent ending.

The very next year, a party designing to attend court at Louisville, had collected at Linn's Station. The Colonel started off somewhat in advance. He had not been long gone before several shots were heard, and a party galloped off to his protection. His horse alone was found shot down by the road side, but, alas, the gallant hero of a hundred conflicts, was himself nowhere to be seen.

The next day the pursuit was renewed, and at length the mutilated body of the unfortunate colonel was found about a mile from the station. He had been waylaid by a party of savages concealed in a sink-hole, who had fired at their unconscious victim. The "deep damnation of his taking off" was not speedily forgotten by his numerous friends and admirers, nor did it pass without a terrible revenge.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

WHO SHOULD BOW FIRST.

Who has not heard ladies express mild surprise because some man who had been presented to them had not bowed to them on meeting them on the street, at the theatre, or in the drawing-room? If you ask them, "Did you recognize him?" they will be apt to reply, "Oh, no; of course not. He should have spoken first." Being reminded of the well-defined etiquette bearing on the subject, they are likely to add, "I know that very well, but no woman wants to take the initiative. Men should do that; it's their business; it doesn't belong to us. No one expects us to make ourselves so bold." The truth is, the majority of women are naturally so accustomed to man paying court to them, to his making the first advance in everything, that they can't find it in their sexual sensitiveness, in their severely conventional selves, to obey a mandate they originally issued, and still insist on perpetuating. Not one woman in ten thousand has any fault to find with the rule; in fact, we have never known a woman to object to it. Nevertheless, she seldom follows it in her own case.

Sometimes a woman says, as a sort of self-justification, "Suppose I should speak to a man, on meeting him after an introduction, and he should not remember me! How awkward I should appear; how overwhelmed I should be with shame to observe that he did not recognize me. I can't afford to place myself in a position to seem to be cut by any man." If any number of women feel thus, the point of etiquette should be changed in order to save their sensibilities.

In truth, however, the objection is not well made. There is not the smallest danger that any man, presuming him, of necessity, to be a gentleman, at least in respect to his observing the ordinary forms of courtesy, would refuse or hesitate to return the acknowledgment of a woman, even though he might not have the remotest recollection of ever having seen her before, or though he were convinced she had confounded him with somebody else. And the facts that he had been recognized by a woman would be the strongest presumptive evidence that he had been presented to her. Men are not likely either to forget their feminine acquaintances, or to mistake Mrs. Thompson for Mrs. Robinson, or Miss Blank for Miss Dash.

—*Appleton's Journal.*

OUR PROGRESS IN THE FINE ARTS.

Looking back through the hundred years of our existence as an independent nation, we see a steady and healthful growth of art in all sections of the country. Year by year the number of American artists has increased with the diffusion of culture among the people. Art societies are springing up in all parts of the country; exhibitions worthy of the Old World are held in cities where fifty years ago there was scarcely a break in the primeval forest. Europe sends us yearly an accession of artists who become American, as West, Copley, and Leslie became English painters. Schools of art spread culture and knowledge all over the land. Massachusetts has made drawing a part of her system of common-school education, with remarkable results. The art school connected with the Cooper Union in New York, has also done great service in the way of elementary training in drawing, painting, wood-engraving, etc. The work begun by the American Institute of Architects awakens the hope that another generation will see a vast improvement in the architecture of our public and private buildings. As wealth and culture increase, the fine arts will find increasing support, and the coming century will witness a development in the sculpture, painting, and architecture of this country as marvelous as its progress has been in the mechanical and industrial arts.—*Harper's Magazine for April.*

Life's First Lesson.—The recognition of mutability is the first lesson of life given us to learn. In early childhood, time is eternity, and we cannot realize change of circumstance or growth. The little one to whom five minutes is an age, has no faculty that can enable it to foresee a year. Talk to a child of two years old of what will happen next summer, and you speak to it of infinity. It cannot comprehend that things will not be always as they are now, and does not even imagine the formula of "When I am grown up, then so and so," which gradually becomes a future possibility as time goes on and the intellect of the child advances with the years. Everything is fixed forever just as it is now, and change is the one element that cannot be admitted.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

The files of the Bureau of Installation register the number of American exhibitors at 10,000.

The dog show, which, in conjunction with the International Exhibition of horses, opens on September 1st, to continue eight days, promises to be very interesting. The rule is "All specimens must be actually the property of the exhibitor; and only those will be admitted which possess unmistakable signs of merit." Entries will be in order till July 1st.

Within the Main Building, entering from the extreme south-east, the first important show will be that of Associated Book Publishers of the United States. This stand, with its extensive arrangements of screens and iron stairways, galleries, balustrades, and railings, combines all the elements of ornamental usefulness. It will undoubtedly, from an educational and literary point of view, be one of the most important exhibits of the Exposition, as there is ample space for a very large display.

The Dublin University Boat Club has accepted the invitation to compete in the Centennial regatta, and its crew is now practicing on the Shannon. From Cambridge University, Mr. Ferguson has received a letter saying they will, without doubt, participate, and the feeling at Oxford is much about the same, but the movements of the latter rest much upon the result of the pending University race in England. The cities of Hamburg, Brussels, and Paris have also signified their intention to compete in our national races, and other acceptances may be expected.

Among the interesting objects in the English department at Philadelphia will be a magnificent collection of china ware. A letter to the Philadelphia *Press* says that in this collection is a neat little set of dessert plates, each ornamented with an exquisite vignette portrait of a child. The rim of the plate is fretted and gilded as if to form a frame for the picture in the centre. Each face of the twelve is a distinct picture, no two having the same shade of hair, expression of face, or pose of head. The price of the set is placed at sixty guineas—equal to about $350

In Machinery Hall, several very powerful machines are in various stages of erection. An enormous affair is the great machine for boring shafts for coal and iron mines, exhibited by Valere Mabille, of Marimot, Belgium. To those interested in coal and iron mining, this powerful machine will be worthy of inspection. Another iron giant is the machine for crushing sugar-cane, from the works of Mirlees, Tait & Watson, of Glasgow, Scotland. Some idea may be formed of the crushing force of this monster, when we mention that the rollers weigh upwards of ten tons each.

The clock for Memorial Hall, which has been building at Thomaston, Conn., is completed. It has 1106 pieces, the estimated weight of all being six tons. The main wheels are four feet in diameter. The pendulum ball and rod weigh respectively 700 and 800 pounds, the rod being 14½ feet long and connected with the clockwork by what is known as gravity escapement and makes two second beats. The rod is of steel, and to compensate for contraction and expansion, is encased in two cylinders, one of zinc and one of steel, which, by their relative expansion upward, maintain a uniform centre of oscillation.

Perhaps the gem of the whole of the big buildings, as far as decoration is concerned, is the Horticultural Hall. The appearance of the exterior is very attractive, but the interior is a marvellously beautiful triumph of decorative art. The color charms, without dazzling the eye, and when the building is filled with shrubs and flowers, a perfectly enchanting coup d'œil will greet the visitor. It is admirably arranged in every way for the purpose for which it is destined. Already in the colonnades running round the building, we catch glimpses of grand tropical plants, ferns, exotics, orange and lemon trees, and flowers of every variety, giving promise of a beautiful display.

The English Department is continually receiving fresh accessions in the shape of boxes and cases, and the last arrival included some five pieces of the reproduction of the "America Group" in the Albert Memorial. It is well known that this famous work, by the English sculptor, Bell, is in terra cotta, the great importance of which, as an artistic material, is now recognized by architects and sculptors alike. But it is not so well known that the fabrication of the group was performed by Mr. Doulton, at his potteries in Lambeth. This gentleman is the inventor—as the phrase goes, though it is hardly correct—of the well-known ceramic ware which bears his name, and bids fair to be to the Southern Potteries of Merry England what Josiah wedgewood was to the Northern and Midland.

The mineralogical display, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, will be exhibited in the Government building, and will furnish a compendium of the resources of the United States. This collection comprises gold, silver, copper, iron, and quicksilver from every mine in this country, and was collected by Professor William P. Blake and Mr. Thomas Donaldson, Centennial Commissioners from Idaho. This latter gentleman has visited and personally inspected nearly every mine in the Western States, including the famous "Bonanza mines" and the Comstock lode, from both of which he has brought specimens. The collection of ores weighs about twenty tons, and is valued at $50,000. The mines of the Eastern States will also be represented, and coal, iron, lead, salt, and other minerals will be displayed.

A party consisting of upward of a dozen Turks has arrived here from Jerusalem. Being in full Eastern costume, they create a furore among the newsboys and bootblacks, who can find no comparison for the turbans except a flour bag with the open end rolled up outwardly, the whole being painted in all the primary colors. They are acting under the auspices of the Turkish Commission, and a concession has lately been granted them for the erection on the grounds, of a Turkish coffee-house, where the uninitiated may, at a trifling expense, practice sitting cross-legged on mats, sipping coffee, and smoking opium; also, of a bazaar, in which pieces of Lebanon cedar, wood from the Mount of Olives, and other articles from the Holy Land that will find ready sale in a Christian country will be sold. Paper-weights and cutlery, the latter comprising specimens of the far-famed Oriental scimetar, will also form a prominent feature of this bazaar.

Among the many handsome special buildings erected upon the Centennial grounds, that of the German Empire will be, perhaps, the most elaborate. It was designed by Mr. H. J. Schwarzmann, architect of the Centennial commission, who has planned the majority of the Exhibition buildings. It is a stone building, one story in height, and consists of a saloon in the centre, thirty-two feet square and twenty feet in height, lighted by broad, low windows reaching almost to the floor. Two wings, each twenty-four feet square, adjoin the main saloon on either side. A broad flight of stone stone steps leads up to a lofty portal, and two large bronze lamps will be fastened to pillars at the beginning of the steps. The portal will be surmounted by a handsome group of statuary, and the surrounding grounds will be planted with fine exotics. The building will be exclusively used as the headquarters of the Imperial Commissioners from Germany to the Centennial Exposition.

The display made by the Naval Department will be interesting and instructive. All manner of projectiles, shot, and shell, and small arms, such as have been used in the American Navy for the last century, will be exhibited. The Bureau of Steam Engineers will exhibit the engines or motive power of two sloops of war, which will form an important display. The larger of these sloops is the Nipsic, and its engine is of 300 horse-power, with a pressure of sixty-five pounds to the square inch; its weight is 185,000 pounds. It is a condensing engine of the compound order, comprising the principles of high and low pressure. The diameter of the low-pressure cylinder is fifty-one inches, and that of the high-pressure thirty-four inches, while the stroke of the piston is forty-two inches. The weight of the condenser is 21,500 pounds. The other sloop is the Epperier, which is not supplied with a compound engine, but has a double-acting condenser, designed by Benjamin Isherwood, late Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering.

The Army or War Department in the Government building will make a very creditable display. The process of manufacturing rifles as carried on at the National Arsenal at Springfield, will be practically illustrated and explained. Two Baxter Engines will furnish the motive power, and a number of automatic machines will be displayed which represent the most wonderful human ingenuity. These include the lock-bedding machine, which performs five distinct motions; the stock-twisting machine, for making gun-stocks, whose cutters make more than 3,000 revolutions a minute, the clamp milling machine, for making gun-screws and fixing-pins; the riding and boring machines, and the barrel-lathe, for turning out the barrel. The Quartermaster's Bureau will exhibit, among other things, artillery harness, which will be displayed upon the stuffed skin of the famous trotter, George M. Patchen. The figure of the horse presents a life-like appearance, and stands, at present, on the right of the main entrance to the building.

THE TRUE STORY OF A

SONG OF SIXPENCE.

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA.

STRAIN THE FIFTH.

THE KING WAS IN HIS COUNTING-HOUSE, COUNTING OUT HIS MONEY.

The King, stepping into the counting-house, unlocked his money-chest, and pulling out bag No. 1, laid it on the floor. Scarcely had he done so, when the bag was ripped from top to bottom, and out rolled and skipped and flew the gold pieces in it. Yes; they actually skipped and flew. Up the chimney and through the door and out of the windows flew the imprisoned angels. The King threw himself headlong after them, tossing his arms wildly about as he tried to catch the fugitives, but, as he did so, another rending of canvas was heard from inside the money-chest, and another and another, and out rolled and skipped and flew the contents of the other two-and-twenty bags. Out of their canvas prisons they rolled and skipped; up the chimney and through the door and out at the windows they flew. For full ten minutes King Crotchet was positively dancing like a parched pea in a shower, no, a cataract of gold. It was of no avail, and when at last he returned into the parlor to Chickabiddy, he held nothing but a handful of his own hair, which he had torn from his head in a paroxysm of grief, and which had actually turned white in those ten minutes of agony.

"It is all over," he said. "I am beggared, and without your help. All my gold has flown away—nay, the very bags that contained it have flown away to keep it company. A spirit of evil is in this house. Come, change me, too, since you have the power, and let it be into some insensate brute, for I am a-weary of the human form."

And the King threw himself into a chair.

"So all your gold is flown?" said Chickabiddy. "I expected as much. Very good. Then off fly three-and-twenty blackbirds after it."

With these words she drew the birds out of her pocket, where she had replaced them in the King's absence, and, opening the window, let them out one by one, to the number of three-and-twenty.

"Now," continued she, pulling out the last, "I shan't be hard upon you; give me that Crooked Sixpence, and this one bird is yours."

"Take it," said the King, handing it to her.

"And take *him*," said she, "in his own natural shape."

But a fearful disappointment was in store for Chickabiddy. She had held her hand, as she thought, while the birds were in her pocket, upon Semiquaver, and supposed she had let him loose on the wide world the very first of all. What was her disgust then, when, resigning the last bird to the King, she saw him suddenly transformed into the hated Semiquaver in his white shirt and night-cap, just as he stood when the spell was cast upon him. With a loud shriek she darted upon him. But he was too quick for her, and, at one bound, cleared the threshold, banged and locked the door in her face, and flew upstairs into his bedroom. There throwing himself on his pillow, he cried:

"Oh, dear old nurse, tell me, pray tell me how I shall find my poor brothers!"

"Cheer up, my child," replied the Pillow. "I know what has happened, for I, too, know something of Magic, though it be only White Magic. Seek out at once the Haunted Wood of Grumbleton. I must say no more. If you are good, and sin not once before to-morrow's sun has risen, your brothers you are sure to find. Now quickly put on your clothes and wrap your warm cloak about you."

Semiquaver obeyed, and his nurse had barely done speaking, when flying to the door, he disappeared.

STRAIN THE SIXTH.

THE QUEEN IN HER PARLOR, EATING BREAD-AND-HONEY.

Meanwhile, at the shriek of rage uttered by Chickabiddy, the Queen, roused from a sound sleep, had rushed from her apartment, first snatching up a piece of bread-and-honey, of which she always had some at hand in case of an emergency. Finding the parlor-door locked, she turned the key and hastily entered the room. In one corner sat Chickabiddy sulking, while, seated at the table before the Magic Pie, she discovered King Crotchet, idiotically laughing and wildly brandishing his knife and fork. The successive shocks he had undergone had turned his brain, and he was perfectly crazy.

"Aha! our Lady Queen," he cried, as he saw her. "Our Lady Queen! and eating bread-and-honey! Fah! my Lady Queen; lay aside that sickly mess, and taste our Royal Pie—a pie made of the Songsters of the Grove!"

The poor Queen, laying aside her bread-and-honey, put her arm soothingly around his neck. "Hush, hush, my dear," she said; "calm yourself and tell me what has happened."

"What has happened!" cried the King. "Ha! ha! ha! Blackbirds and money bags! By my life, this pie is delicious! Taste it our Lady Queen: taste it and be happy!"

And he proffered a piece of crust to her lips.

Unwilling to irritate him, she complied and took a bite. No sooner had she done so than Chickabiddy sprang up, no longer sulking, but flashing with triumph.

"Ho! ho!" cried she, rising and dropping the Crooked Sixpence in her hurry, "I see a way to my revenge." And, turning upon her left heel, she chaunted out:

"As a Goose, Lady Queen, and oh, King, as a Gander,
Waddle, waddle, waddle; waddle off and wander."

As she paused, she saw that her spell had succeeded—the King was a Gander and the Queen was a Goose. Hastening to the kitchen, Chickabiddy returned with Miss Bristles, and belaboring the two unfortunates with it, she drove them out into the chilly night, and then threw herself into an easy chair.

"Now I am mistress of all I survey," she cried, picking up the Crooked Sixpence and hanging it round her neck, which she had no sooner done than she yawned prodigiously. "Odds pittekins!" said she, "how overpowered I am all of a sudden! Never mind, we shall have rare doings to-morrow. I'll have all my fellow-servants—ya-a-ah!—to attend upon me, but not one of them will I restore to human shape, not I. They are quite as serviceable as they are, and they can't—ya-a-ah!—they can't talk. But what's come to my head, I wonder! 'Tis like a lump of lead, and this wretched Sixpence is like a ton weight about my neck. Drat it! Ya-a-ah!"

Hereupon, after an ineffectual attempt to keep her eyelids open by means of her two forefingers, the amiable creature fell fast asleep. Then a wondrous thing happened. The Crooked Sixpence which hung round Chickabiddy's neck took a flying leap into the air, and freed itself from the little Vixen's shoulders.

As it touched the ground in its descent it was no longer a Crooked Sixpence, but a lady of surpassing beauty, with a diamond star on her forehead, and an ivory wand in her hand.

Touching Chickabiddy with the wand, she cried:

"Sleep, misguided spirit, sleep,
Be, awhile, thy slumbers deep.
Through thy brain tho' still are babbling
Streams of evil thought and guile,
Wicked cease, ah cease from troubling.
Let the weary rest awhile.
Lo! thy course is nearly run,
And thy days of mischief done.
The curses thou hast scatter'd
About thee now have gather'd;
The woes thou didst design,
Wake and find them thine."

As she uttered the last words the beautiful apparition glided into the star-lit night.

"Now to the Wood of Grumbleton," she said, "that I may put Semiquaver to the test. May he prove worthy, and crown my dearest wishes."

She then disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GARDENER'S LESSON.—Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient under the loss, and fretted about very much. The other went patiently to work at once to plant a new crop. After awhile the impatient fretting man went to his neighbor. To his surprise, he found another crop of peas growing finely. He asked him how this could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbor.

"But don't you ever fret?" he asked.

"Yes, I do; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done."

"Why, then, you have no need to fret at all."

"True," said his friend, "and that is the reason I put it off."

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FERRYMAN.—A philosopher stepped on board a ferry-boat to cross a stream. On the passage he inquired of the ferryman if he understood arithmetic. The man looked astonished.

"Arithmetic! No, sir, never heard of it before."

The philosopher replied:

"I am very sorry, for one quarter of your life is gone."

A few minutes after he asked the ferryman:

"Do you know anything of mathematics?"

The boatman smiled, and replied:

"No."

"Well, then," said the philosopher, "another quarter of your life is gone."

A third question was asked the ferryman:

"Do you understand astronomy?"

"No, no, no; never heard of such a thing."

"Well, my friend, then another quarter of your life is gone."

Just as this moment the boat ran on a rock and was sinking, when the ferryman jumped up, pulled off his coat, and asked the philosopher, with great earnestness of manner:

"Sir, can you swim?"

"No," said the philosopher.

"Well, then," said the ferryman, "your whole life is lost, for the boat is going to the bottom."

ENGLAND'S MONARCHS.

Commit the following to memory, and you will have at your "tongue's end" the names of the monarchs of England, from the time of the Conquest down to the present date:

First William the Norman, then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John,
Next Henry the Third; Edwards, one, two, and three;
And again, after Richard, three Henrys we see;
Two Edwards, three Richards, if rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary and Bess;
Then Jamie the Scot, then Charles whom they slew;
Then followed Cromwell; another Charles too;
Next James, called the second, ascended the throne;
Then William and Mary together came on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all past,
God sent them Victoria, the youngest and last.

THE clearness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own faults at first view, as when a stream shows the dirt at its bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water.

DAFFODILS.

BY MRS. MARY B. HALL.

Fragrant little blossom,
Blooming all alone,
Greeting me with gladness,
Darling little one.
Near thy velvet pillow,
Angel feet have trod;
And thy form was fashioned,
By the hand of God.

Envious little blossom,
Thus I hear you say:
"Why was I created
In this plain array?
For I hear the robins
Laughing as they trill,
'Though an early blossom,
'Tis but a daffodil.'"

Cease thy vain repining,
Beauty, love and grace,
Are not always blended
In a handsome face.
Each one has a station,
He may nobly fill,
Though it may be lowly
As the daffodil.

NAOMI SAT ON THE MOSSY TRUNK OF A FALLEN TREE, HER EYE FIXED UPON A HORSEMAN JUST PERCEPTIBLE.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 48. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

Shortly after that confidential talk between Naomi and her father, Joshua Haggard gave his children a summer-day's outing, such as they had been accustomed to enjoy once or twice in every summer from their earliest childhood. It was a simple and inexpensive treat enough, consisting of a drive in the general-dealer's tax-cart to some distant town or village whither his duties, spiritual or temporal, or both combined, summoned the minister and shopkeeper. This August the holiday was to be a drive to Rockmouth, where there were one or two small shopkeepers who took their supplies from Joshua, and several families who derived their spiritual sustenance from his lips, and who looked upon his expounding of the Scriptures as one of the rarest privileges of their lives.

To Jim these outings were particularly delightful; for while his father transacted his earthly business, and then went from cottage to cottage reading and exhorting, he and Naomi were free to wander where they listed, provided they arrived at the inn at the time appointed for the return journey. Aunt Judith also was wont to relax her Spartan severity on these occasions, and to prepare a liberal basket of provisions; that cold potato-pasty which the boy loved, or perchance a parsley-pie—a pie in which tender young chickens nestled in a bed of parsley and cream, preferable in the mind of a West-countryman to all the bloated goose-livers of Strasburg in their crockery pie-crust.

This trip to Rockmouth had been talked of for at least a fortnight before Joshua could find a leisure day; so it was scarcely wonderful that the intended journey should be a fact familiar to Oswald Pentreath as well as to numerous other members of Combhollow society—notably the stout landlord of the First and Last, who lived in his porch all summer time, and could see people's intentions through their open windows, if he did not become possessed of them in conversation.

The day came at last—glowing harvest weather and a sky without a cloud—when Joshua felt himself free to order Gray Dobbin to be harnessed in the cart. Off sped Jim to assist in the operation of harnessing; which performance gave rise to as many "stand overs" and "come ups" in the little stable-yard as if a whole team of impatient thoroughbreds had been getting on their leather. But when Gray Dobbin came out into the road, sleek and shining, with his dark mane symmetrically combed and glossy, his white hind feet pure as newly-fallen snow, ribbons at his ears, and an air of conscious pride in the carriage of his firm bull neck, James felt that his care had not been wasted, and the minister approved.

Naomi came tripping down the narrow staircase somewhat hurried and fluttered, for the trip had at last been decided upon hastily, but all aglow with beauty, in her cottage-bonnet—a kind of house or sentry-box, in which a woman sheltered herself in those days, and lived secluded from the world, even while she took her walks abroad—and lilac-muslin dress, starched and ironed by her own industrious hands. The cottage-bonnet, of coarse Dunstable straw, was trimmed with white ribbon and lined with pale pink—such a bonnet as Eugenie Grandet wore when she took that dismal morning walk with her father; her petticoat was short enough to show the neat narrow feet in white stockings and "low shoes;" her waist was short also; and a black silk scarf crossed over her breast and tied behind completed her costume.

"Sit up straight, and don't crease your scarf, Naomi," she cried. "There never was a better bit of silk; and you'll have to be careful of that muslin frock, if you mean to wear it next Sunday. Two starched frocks in a week would be more extravagance than I could reconcile my conscience to, even if you could—and you don't get any more starch out of me this side of Monday, remember."

With this injunction in her ears, Naomi left home behind her; but earth was too fair this day for any one's mind to be worried by the thought of a starched frock. What is there between the North and South Pole fairer than an English landscape—Devonshire lanes and commons, woods and vales, Devonshire's coast and sea, in the vivid August sunlight? Can any Alpine grandeur, can all the glory and color of the tropics, surpass this tender English beauty—beauty that creeps into one's soul and makes one glad; beauty that melts the ice of frozen hearts, that warms age into the exuberance of youth, that bids the wanderer lay down his bundle of cares, his knapsack of perplexities, and rejoice because the sunshine is so kind and earth so fair?

Naomi was in the humor for rejoicing this morning, but her joy was very quiet. She sat by her father's side in silence, and watched the landscape dreamily, thinking of her lover. Her lover? Yes, for she loved him. Yes, for she believed that he loved her.

Joshua, too, was silent, and had his own thoughts this August morning. Gray Dobbin was quiet to drive, or in other words required no driving whatever, but took his way steadily over familiar roads, and plodded cautiously down hills of appalling steepness, and clambered up the same hills cheerfully, as an animal that knew he had been foaled in a hilly country and was contented with his lot. So Joshua sat with the reins loose in his left hand, and dreamed his dreams; and the commons were golden with furze, and the reapers were busy in the tawny corn-fields, and a covey of partridges went whirring upward every here and there from the shelter of some hedge, and the poppies gleamed scarlet amidst the wheat, and the bindweed's white bells hung on every hedge, and the traveler's joy shed its aromatic perfume on the air, and the orchards on hillside and in hollow were ruddy with ripening fruit, and all sweet things that blossom late in the summer were in perfection.

No sign of Herne the Hunter yet awhile, though they had traveled half their journey, and Dobbin had stopped to have his mouth washed out at the hamlet of Simondale, a handful of cottages and a battered old public-house at the foot of two steep hills.

"He won't come to-day," thought Naomi, with a sigh; and the holiday seemed not quite so perfect as it might have been—not so perfect as it was last year, when there was no such person as Oswald Pentreath in her thoughts, and the glory and beauty of the earth had no double meaning.

Over another common and up and down more hills, and then from a narrow road descending a wooded steep they see Rockmouth lying at their feet—not a tourists' resort in those days, but an obscure little fishing-village on a rocky shore.

There it lay—the lonely cluster of thatched cottages, the humble patches of garden, the wells, and pigsties, and beehives, and hayricks, and strawyards; the village forge; the church, standing aloof on a hill, looking down at the abodes of its congregation; the squire's house—red-brick and spacious, set on a slope of meadow-land or park—a little way off, with its front to the sea; and, as the curve of the bay widened, rose the rocky wall of the tall cliff, precipitous, dangerous, yet not too steep for sheep to browse upon its rugged breast.

"How lovely!" cried Naomi, surveying that rocky coast, with its wild variety of crag and pinnacle. "Wouldn't you think they were castles, father, over there—keeps and watch-towers? I can fancy men in armor firing their arrows down into the valley, or keeping guard upon those battlements against enemies from the sea."

"How jolly nice it must be for smugglers on such a coast as this!" remarked Jim. "Plenty of caves to hide their plunder in, and those rocks to climb when they want to survey their ground, and to hoist signals upon—tar-barrels and suchlike. Where shall we have our dinner, father?"

"I sha'n't have much time to waste upon dinner, Jim," replied Mr. Haggard indifferently. "You and Naomi had better take charge of the basket, and settle it all between you."

"Oh, come, father, you must have your share of the pasty. I saw Aunt Judith making it—she happened to be in a particularly good temper, or she wouldn't have let me—and I know it's prime. Such juicy steak, and lots of potato! Won't the gravy gush out when you put your knife into it, unless it's turned to jelly! My eyes, ain't I hungry!"

"Don't be so vulgar, Jim," remonstrated Naomi, with a depressing conviction that such a young man as this would be no fitting brother-in-law for young Squire Pentreath. Since that serious conversation with her father she had thought much of social differences and distinctions, and had told herself despondently that, good and great as her father might be, there was a wide gulf between her and Oswald Pentreath. But then Love has a knack of spanning such gulfs, and the good old story of King Cophetua and the beggar-maiden is always being acted over again after some fashion or other.

"I'll tell you a tiptop place for dinner, father," exclaimed Jim. "You see that rock over yonder—the tallest one, the shape of a castle—there's a grassy hollow just under it, facing the sea, quite safe, for the cliff isn't half so steep there as it is in some other places; and the ferns grow there lovely, and purple mosses, and red stonecrop just like coral, and all sorts of things that Naomi's fond of. Will you come there with us, father—it isn't above a mile from the inn where Dobbin stops—and dig into the pasty before you begin your business calls?"

Mr. Haggard looked at his watch meditatively. He did not much affect these picnickings and carousings, but he was glad to oblige his children on such a day as this, which was a kind of annual holiday, a rare occasion on which he went out of his way a little to give them pleasure. Dobbin had come at a good pace, so it was early yet, not much past noontide, and the days were still long.

"Very well, my dears," he said; "I'll come and have some dinner with you, and then I'll leave you to amuse yourselves among the rocks while I go my rounds."

Dobbin was safely installed in his stable at the Traveler's Rest, a comfortable little inn just at the bottom of the hill, and then Jim shouldered the basket as if it had been a trifle, and trudged sturdily on ahead, while Naomi and her father followed at a more sober pace.

The path they trod was a wild and romantic footway, a narrow ledge cut out of the cliff. Below them shelved the steep craggy slope, rich in the varied colors of wild flower and moss, with lovely sheep feeding here and there, or bounding chamois-like from peak to peak. Far away spread the summer sea, placid as an Italian lake, and as lovely in hue.

"Isn't it lovely, father?" cried Naomi. "I always feel grateful to God for having given us such a beautiful world when I come to Rockmouth."

"We ought to be grateful at all times and under all circumstances, Naomi, even if our lot had been cast at the bottom of a coal-mine."

"Yes, I suppose so," sighed the girl; "but gratitude comes easier to people who dwell among lovely scenes. It must be hard work to be grateful for life that is all misery."

Joshua had no answer. These problems in man's existence were not easily to be solved.

"There is a better world, Naomi, where the balance is adjusted," he said, after a pause.

"I know, father. And if the unhappy people in wretched places can believe that, it must comfort them. But it must be difficult for people who have never known what it is to be happy on earth, to believe in the blissfulness of heaven."

They came to the castle rock, a spot where there was a break in the steep wall of cliffs, as if some mammoth battering-train had made a breach in the island's battlements; and here a green, cup-shaped valley opened in the craggy shore—a vale scattered with rocks and boulders, moss-grown and fern-embellished.

"How sweet!" cried Naomi.

"Isn't it prime?" inquired James, who had arrived some minutes in advance of his companions, and had already unpacked the basket, or "maund," as he called it. "There's a pasty for you, and cheesecakes, and a big stone jar of cider, and a couple of tumblers, and plates, and knives and prongs, and all complete. Sit down, father—that's your place; and here's a little mossy seat for Naomi, just as if it was made for us."

Then came half an hour of real domestic harmony. Joshua and his children being hungry, ample justice was done to the pasty and cheesecakes, and much commendation bestowed upon Aunt Judith as the provider of the feast. It seemed such a curious thing to eat a meal without that pragmatic presence—without fear of being called to order for the too free use of God's creatures, in the shape of beefsteak and pie-crust.

Even Mr. Haggard, though he would have been unwilling to own as much, enjoyed his dinner on the castle rock, with the green valley and the jasper sea spread out like a carpet at his feet, better than any meal he had ever eaten in his respectable parlor, where there was no wider prospect than a glimpse of the First and Last, and a background of wooded hill, seen across the tops of the geraniums and double stocks that somewhat bounded one's view of the outer world. To-day these picnickers seemed to have a universe all to themselves.

"I feel just as if we had gone out somewhere in a ship and landed on an unknown island," said Jim. "I wonder if we shall meet any of the natives by and by, and if they will scalp us?"

"I think there is nothing in life so nice as a picnic," exclaimed Naomi, "except having you all to ourselves, father. That is better than the picnic."

"I wish you would stay with us all the afternoon, father, and tell us stories about foreign countries," said Jim.

"That would not be doing my errand at Rockmouth, James," answered the minister, pulling out his big watch once more. "It's nearly two o'clock, and we must start for home at six. I must leave you, my dears. I trust Naomi to you, James, remember. Be sure you lead her into no dangerous places. You'd better not go any farther along the cliff, but take a stroll across the valley, and up the hill to those woods yonder. You'll find plenty of new ferns for your wilderness up there, I daresay, Naomi."

"Don't be uneasy, father," replied James, confidently; "I'll take care of her."

Joshua departed, thoughtful of all that he had to do, of his duties temporal and spiritual; the prices at which he could afford to sell tea and sugar and other colonial produce; the bedridden old men and women to whom he must administer counsel and consolation.

It was just the sleepiest, goldenest hour of the summer day. Naomi sat on the mossy trunk of a fallen tree, her eyes fixed upon a horseman just perceptible in the far distance, wondering who it could be, and whether it was Oswald.

The rider disappeared out of sight, and Naomi, concluding that it could not be the one whom she evidently had been expecting, gradually allowed her thoughts to wander away from the scene that surrounded her, her eyes fixed dreamily on a silver-shining sail far away on the edge of the sea.

"I could watch the sea and sky for hours on such a day as this," she said, too deliciously idle to look in the direction of the individual to whom she addressed the remark.

"And I could be content to watch beside you, or to swim such a sea to come to you," answered a voice—not Jim's—close at her side.

The suddenness and the closeness startled her. She turned white and then red.

"I'm afraid I frightened you," said Oswald, apologetically.

He had come up from the valley, his footfall noiseless on the soft and mossy turf.

"You did startle me a little," replied Naomi, breathlessly, with a hot blush still staining her cheek.

How should a country girl, unschooled in shams of any kind, know how to hide her emotions?

"But you must have known that I should come," said Oswald, looking up at Jim, who had climbed a loftier peak, and was taking a survey of earth and ocean from about the most unsafe footing he could find for himself.

"How could I know? I thought perhaps that you—" faltered Naomi, plucking little tufts of coral-tinted sea-moss from the crag at her side.

"Do you think that I could endure Combhollow for a day without you, having the power to follow you? I knew all about your picnic, but not when it was to be, and I made up my mind to join you. I should have been here earlier, only my father took it into his head to want me this morning, and I was closeted in his study, reading over leases to him, for a couple of hours! It was twelve o'clock when I went out for my ride. I called at the shop as I passed, and the man told me you had come here with your father; so I let Herne have his head and bring me over to Rockmouth as fast as he liked. I've left him at the Traveler's Rest."

"That's where Dobbin stays," said Naomi.

"Yes, I saw him munching hay in a dark old stable. And how long are you going to stay here, Naomi?"

"Oh, ever so long! Jim and I are free till six o'clock, and we are going fern-hunting."

"Never mind the ferns to-day. Let me take you for a ramble along the beach."

"Is it safe? Father told us not to go into any dangerous places."

"It is quite safe. Do you think I would lead you into danger? I know every bit of this coast. We'll hunt sea-anemones instead of ferns; they are much more interesting."

"Sea-anemones!" cried Naomi, opening her eyes.

She had some acquaintance with the tribe, but did not know them by name.

"Yes; those lovely pink and white and green and blue things, which uncurl their petals and expand, and close again like living blossoms—the roset and lilies in old Neptune's garden; animal flowers, the naturalists call them. Let me introduce you to them. We'll go down to the beach. You're not afraid to trust yourself to my care, are you, Naomi?"

The noble dark eyes met his with a look that was all truth and trustfulness. Faith, hope, and charity were the three virtues that looked out of Naomi's eyes—infinite faith in the goodness of others, infinite pity for the sorrows of others, infinite hope in all things pure and fair on earth and in heaven.

Naomi looked down at the beach, with shining patches of wet yellow sand here and there, and low rocks covered with many-colored seaweed—slippery, perilous rocks, no doubt, but very beautiful in their brilliant coloring under that summer sky. It would be nice to explore that beach, Naomi thought; but at this moment her eye caught the basket, which Jim had deposited in a sly cleft of the rocks.

"You have had no luncheon, perhaps," she said. "Wouldn't you like to try Aunt Judith's pasty before we go to look for those sea-flowers?"

"Aunt Judith's pasty would be most *apropos*."

"I am so glad!" cried Naomi, delighted to minister to his wants.

She opened the basket and brought out the remains of the pasty, and spread a napkin on a ledge of the crag, and made things quite comfortable, in pic-

nicking fashion. There was some cider left in the stone jar. She looked beyond measure happy as she sat by Oswald's side while he ate, and poured out the cider for him in a little old-fashioned tumbler with a foot. He enjoyed this rustic meal vastly, but would not waste much time upon eating.

"Come," he said, folding the napkin and putting it back into the basket, "let us go after the anemones."

"May Jim come with us?" asked Naomi.

"Of course he may."

On looking round over land and sea, however, there was no James to be seen. Naomi called, but there was no answer.

"What a tiresome boy! And father was so anxious that he should not go into any dangerous places."

"He's safe, depend upon it: boys always are. Nothing serious ever happens to a boy, no more than it does to a cat. Boys tumble from places and tear their clothes, but nothing ever hurts them."

"That's rather true about Jim," replied Naomi. "He's always frightening us somehow or other; but he never comes to any harm."

"Of course not. I daresay we shall find him on the beach."

The beach seemed as likely as any other place for finding him; so Naomi assented, and they went down the narrow path—the slenderest footway—and Naomi stepped lightly from crag to crag with her hand in Oswald's. It was like going to heaven the reverse way. Her soul fluttered and soared, and rose higher and higher, as her mortal frame descended the cliff.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PATTY PAYNE PAPERS.

By MARGERY LAIRD.

NUMBER V.

I suppose you imagine that Patty, in the school-girl slang of the present day, "caught it" after her unfortunate fall? Not at all. Madame maintained a dignified silence the next day, and we all filed, at the usual hour, into a school-room whose dreary wastes of blackboards and desks spoke not of satin damask draperies and blossoming plants.

Hatty's place was vacant, of course, but I have reason to know that not a word had been addressed to her on the subject of her escapade. She received from Madame Maitres a verbal and politely-worded *request* that "Mees Payne" would not leave the dormitory that morning, and a substantial meal was sent up to her, containing a substantial meal of bread and cold mutton, with the addition of a cup of chocolate so rich and good that Ellen had to explain.

"Monsieur Adolphe made it with his own hands, Miss Patty," she said, "and put it on the waiter in the hall; and he begged me, for the life of me, not to let Madame know."

"Marg," cried Patty, after our pretty and tearful waitress had retired with the tray, "what made that poor girl look so wobegone?"

"She was discharged last night," said I, severely—I had come up-stairs for a few moments between breakfast and school—"and her mother depends entirely on her wages—so she looks this morning as if she had cried all night."

Patty Payne stamped her small foot.

"The hateful old Jezebel!" she blazed out, angrily, "to visit my sins on poor, innocent Ellen. Well, I am glad, anyhow, that the world had such a fine chance of seeing beauty—otherwise Madame Maitres—unadorned."

"But, Patty, that will not help poor Ellen to a place."

"Oh," she remarked, with her usual coolness, "*that* is nothing. Mrs. Semple will take her to-morrow if I ask her. By the way, has Laura come back?"

"No; and I suppose she never will. She went home looking very much crushed."

"Poor old Laura! She entered into the thing with so much spirit, too. All's well that ends well, however. She and Dick Payne will be married in a year."

"And what do you suppose will become of you, Patty?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Patty, placidly; "flayed alive will be nothing to my punishment, I expect. Madame is dangerously civil, Margie, dear."

Dear me; what a dreary day that was! How the hours dragged their slow lengths along the mazes of French verbs and German exercises. M. Adolphe looked thinner and more haggard than ever, and his eyes sought mine sometimes, with a wistful expression that haunted me. I began to believe that the poor old man loved Patty very truly in his withered heart, and I pitied him as I had pitied no other victim of little Patty Payne—not even Hugh. For you see, I always felt that Hugh would marry Patty in the end.

That evening Hugh came to see me and we had a long, dreary talk in the small, haircloth parlor, rendered still more dismal by the light of a very dim candle and the portrait of the dead relative—I forgot to mention that the relative *did* die—in a close black dress and widow's cap. Patty was not permitted to appear.

"If I could only hope that this would teach patty a lesson," said Hugh, at last, running his fingers through his mass of hair.

"Don't hope it, Hugh. I see nothing to be done for Patty. She has had lessons enough, poor child, but her mind seems incapable of retaining any impression long."

"And yet," began Hugh, dubiously, "I had hoped—I am such a fool, Marg—that one impression at least——" He stopped with a heavy sigh.

"It has, dear. Indeed it has!" I cried, eagerly. "I am sure—*quite* sure, Hugh, not just a little sure, you know—that as much heart as Patty has is yours."

"As much heart!" said Hugh, with a sad smile. "Marg, do you remember the ideal girl—all soul and earnestness, all heart? And its sanctuary I was to live as in a shrine. What nonsense we do talk in our callow days."

"That was all the moonlight, Hugh, and Tennyson, you know, and Tupper, and—well, the kind of romance that hangs about things. Nobody thinks that way after awhile," said I, not very clearly. But Hugh comprehended.

"Yes," he said, reflectively, "and now——"

"You are not dreaming dreams, but actually in love with a girl who—isn't your ideal! And you will keep on loving her, and make the best of her, and marry her if you can." And she will humbug you all your life," I added—with some bitterness, I am afraid. But Hugh did not hear the last clause.

"Marry her if I can," he repeated, dreamily, "but Patty is such a will-o'-the-wisp, I should be afraid she would play me some trick at the very altar—marry me to somebody else under her veil, Sissy, perhaps," with a low laugh.

"Sissy would be the best housekeeper, anyhow," said I, philosophically, and let the subject drop.

After Hugh left, I put out the candle and started up-stairs. I had on slippers that made no noise, and the corridor was dark. At the head of the stairs somebody brushed against me—somebody who immediately caught my hand and cried in a hissing whisper, "Hush!"

At first I was startled, but it was only M. Adolphe. His long, lean fingers closed over mine, and he spoke close to my ear.

"Leesten, Mees Marg. I hear voices. Hush!"

We both heard voices, and they proceeded from a little room just at the head of the staircase, a room whose door I never remember to have seen open. Now there was just a crack open, and through it came the low voices—Madame's and Miss Hoyt's. Miss Hoyt's was particularly unpleasant; it sounded as if there was a bandage about her jaws.

"Celestine," it said, "I *would* come down. I am *not* recovered; not at all; and I have a fearful face-ache. But do you think I *could* stay in my bed and think you were not punishing that little hussy as she deserves? You are so tender hearted, Celeste."

"Oui," said Madame, grimly. "I haf ze soft place in my heart for leetle Mees Paine, haf I? Oui, oui, oui!" each "oui" sharper and more satirical than the last.

"You are so much under M. Adolphe's influence."

"I, moi? A-h-h! You know not vat you spe-ak. And Adolphe, *mon frere*, he has no soft place for Mees Payne."

"He has," said Miss Hoyt, tartly. M. Adolphe held my hand so tight that I could not, without noise, get away. "He is completely bewitched by that chit of a girl."

Madame gave a little, audible gasp. "Mon Dieu!" she cried, and I could tell by the direction of her voice that she had risen to her feet. "Ees eet so? I haf been blind. I haf not see. And he deed say 'Scold her not, Celestine; she ees a child; a leetle girl. Be a leetle patient, *poar moi*.' A-h-hl Ze ee-diot! Ze *scelerat!*"

I thought Madame was most unnecessarily and ridiculously angry, and I somehow had the impression that Monsieur was laughing in his sleeve. Miss Hoyt's choked and disagreeable tones sounded next.

"And what becomes of our schemes, Madame? Have you considered that? Will she not spoil it all, the little washed-out creature?"

"She ees an—imp!" cried Madame, getting the word out with difficulty.

"Did you not make a solemn compact with me? You told me of M. Adolphe's fortune, and how he meant to leave it to all sorts of hospitals, and divided among your sister's children, with, in fact, only a small slice to you. And you vowed if I would share with you, half and half, you would manage so that he should marry me."

"Ah!" breathed M. Adolphe in my ear.

"And I understood that once married to him he would leave everything to—"

"His wife," interpolated Madame, though I will do Miss Hoyt the justice to say that I don't think she hesitated at the word. "Yes, but ze leetle Mees Payne would not haf mon frere. Zere ees no dangere, Judeeth." I will state here that "Judith" was Miss Hoyt's lovely cognomen, and that she was in private known as "Judy" by the girls.

"Of course not," said Judy, with a scorn that was highly flattering to one eavesdropper. "He is not such a fool as to think *that*. But he would not look at *me* now."

"Non. You haf raison, Mees Hoyt," muttered M. Adolphe. I tried again to get away, but he held me in a perfect grip.

"She must be sent away," said the under teacher, calmly, "back to her home and her long-legged lover." How my cheeks tingled at the insult to Hugh. "She *must* be sent away, Madame Maitres."

"Yes," murmured Madame, helplessly,—I fancy she had subsided into her chair. Then her tone changed, and she spoke in better English than I had ever heard from her lips.

"I will send her home, but I intend first to tame her!" with a spiteful snap to every word. The rouge, and the frizettes, and the clever "take off" rankled. Alas, poor Patty Payne!

M. Adolphe let go my hand. His fingers felt cold, and clammy, and weak as they slipped from mine; and he raised something to his mouth—his handkerchief, I thought.

"You will speak not of eet?" he asked, pleadingly, and in a feeble whisper. "I will see zat no harm comes to leetle Patti, *pauvrette*. But speak not of eet to her, dear mademoiselle."

"I will not," I said, pityingly, and then, hearing the rustle of Madame's silk gown, hurried away in my soft slippers, and soon had the dormitory door between me and that atmosphere of meanness and malice in which I had found it hard to breathe. I lay awake for hours afterwards, thinking over what I had heard, regretting my too hasty promise, and yet not quite sure that M. Adolphe was wrong. Because it could do no possible good to alarm Patty, and with her queer old friend, in the enemy's camp, and my dear Hugh outside, the poor child could not come to grief. But what a pair of tiger cats Miss Hoyt and Madame were.

Hugh had to go home early the next day, and I did not see him at all before he left. I received, however, a line scribbled on a slip of paper, and handed to Ellen at the door.

"Be back to-morrow. Don't fret, and try to cheer up our little girl.

HUGH."

But that morning Patty disappeared. Madame said nothing about her or her escapade, and the dull routine of school hours was unbroken. Though the girls whispered anxiously that Miss Hoyt, with her face still bandaged, had been seen to go into our dormitory after breakfast, and had not returned to the third story *alone*.

"Ellen has gone," whispered Agatha, when Madame's back was turned, "but she came to my room this morning crying bitterly"—Agatha had a small apartment all to herself—"and told me that she had helped Madame carry a cot into Miss Hoyt's room. 'And indeed, Miss,' she said, sobbing, 'the dear little young lady can never stand being shut up by her lone self with that old sarpint.' Strong language, Marg, but it was just what she said."

"They shan't hurt her," I replied, angrily, "if I have to send for Miss Semple and Hugh. Besides, I will write a note to David Payne."

"She won't let any of us leave the premises, or I would go for mother," said Agatha Horne. "At any rate, this is not the day of hot irons and thumb-screws, Marg."

"And a diet of bread-and-water will tone Patty down."

I spoke lightly, but I was making a mental resolve that her probation should not last longer than Hugh's return.

Madame had no right to ill-treat Patty, and the sooner she expelled her, that being the deeper punishment for her misdemeanor, the better it would be for all concerned.

But Miss Payne took that small matter into her own hands.

Tomorrow came, and I waited all day for some word from Hugh. None came, and I began to feel a little disturbed about Patty Payne. Her absence, and the vague rumors concerning it, caused a kind of depression over the whole school—added to which, M. Adolphe, who was really a favorite, was reported to be confined to his bed with low fever. I had not seen him at all for two days—not since the night we parted at the head of the stairs.

Madame came and went as usual, but I think she must have used a double allowance of rouge and pearl powder, she was so pink and white, though all her art could not hide the ugly wrinkle over black brows.

The poor girls had a hard time of it those two days—no promenade, no recess, only a round of lessons, and what Madame called *systeme*—and all had fearful visions of Patty's probable fate.

Agatha Horne, sensible as she was, got her imagination into such an excited state that she declared she heard blows and sobs overhead in the middle of the night, and one of the younger girls asked me in dead earnest if I supposed Madame would go so far as to starve Patty to death! To add to the general gloom, it had rained steadily ever since the ball, and communication with the outside world seemed almost cut off.

I was not at all disturbed about Patty's physical condition, I knew Madame and Miss Hoyt would have enjoyed tearing her eyes out or any other vicious punishment, but of course such ideas were all nonsense. They would not dare to harm a hair of her head. I was, however, a good deal exercised about poor Patty's mental sufferings, shut up alone with Miss Hoyt, and obliged to submit to that unpleasant person's steady and systematic persecution. I had strong hopes, however, that plucky little Patty would sting back!

About eight o'clock that night, just as the girls were putting up their books and getting ready to go upstairs after "study hour," there came a sharp, sudden ring at the front-door bell. "Hugh!" I thought, with a quick heartbeat, and gave a relieved glance at Agatha Horne. She knew that I had been expecting him all day. It was, however, only a note:

"DEAR MARG:—Are you afraid to come at once to the hotel? I send with this a carriage to bring you immediately back. If you don't like coming so late and alone, bring Miss Horne. I *cannot* get away myself—will explain when we meet. Don't be frightened, but make haste.

HUGH."

And while I was staring blankly at Agatha, to whom I handed the note, and feeling very white and faint at this startling summons, Madame Maitres came in. She looked angry, though she was smiling her usual mechanical smile.

"I haf receive von leetle note from your brothaire, Mees Marg, and he asks that you to him should come. Eet ees singuleire, eet ees vat you call unheard of! But eet ees for you to go, Mademoiselle."

"May Miss Horne go with me?" I asked, humbly. "My brother requests it, as it is so late. May she go, Madame?"

"Non!" answered Madame, so sharply that I jumped nearly out of my seat. "I am remembering of ees usages if you eig-nore zem, Mees Marg!"

And she banged the door behind her as she went. And that was actually my last sight of Madame's crimson ribbons and rosy face.

I was sure that something dreadful had happened, that Hugh had broken his leg or been taken suddenly ill. I was prepared for anything indeed—except his meeting me at the carriage-door with an umbrella and a smile! The smile broadened into—yes, it really was—a comical grin as he saw my scared face.

"Why are you so white, Margie?" he asked, in a tone of amusement. "I thought you would be glad to get safely out of Castle Dangerous even on such a night. Take care of the wheel—and don't get your foot in the gutter!" as I alighted in good order and took his arm. "We won't go into the parlor; I have a private sitting-room. This way," and we went up a flight of steps, and into a long hall.

"Why didn't you come for me, Hugh?" I asked. "You frightened me so."

"Did I? Poor child. Well, I couldn't, Marg. That is all the excuse I have to make. Walk into my parlor, little fly."

He stopped and opened a door. I walked past him into a small octagon room, gaudily furnished, with curtains of bright flowered calico, and a large round mirror just opposite the door. Reflected in it I saw a big sofa, and on the sofa—Patty Payne! Patty as large, or rather as small, as life, in a dress that was muddy and wet and draggled, with an old hat, that I recognized as Miss Hoyt's, on her tumbled hair, and with a face that was positively drowned in tears.

"Well!" I cried, thunderstruck.

"Well!" she repeated, meekly, with a twinkle in her eye.

"How did you get here?"

"Walked," said Patty, pulling out a small pocket handkerchief and drying her tears, which were not for my benefit, you see.

"You poor little darling!"

I was on the sofa by this time, and was going to give her a good hug, but Miss Patty drew back.

"You will spoil your dress," she said, composedly, "and one of us, at least, ought to be presentable."

I turned to the door.

"Tell me about it, Hugh?" I cried, excitedly.

But Hugh had disappeared.

"Oh, he didn't help me," said Patty, comprehending my thoughts at once. "I am the heroine of my own little romance. I got out and came here all by myself."

"How did you happen to come here?"

"I thought David might be here," replied Patty, evasively. I didn't believe her a bit.

"How did you know Hugh was here?" was my next question.

"I didn't know it," she said, stoutly. "Why, how should I, Marg?"

"I am sure I don't know," I answered, vaguely enough. "But tell me your whole story, Patty, dear."

"Why, I couldn't stand that woman, she would have killed me in another day with slow torture—the malicious thing! And I didn't take kindly to prison fare. Not to mention a jailor who took out all her teeth every night and hung every bit of her hair up on a nail, ugh! But she was ugly!" and Patty gave an expressive shiver. "So she and Madame had a confab about supper-time, and she went down stairs and locked the door. I had found out that a window opened out on the balcony, and guessed that the balcony's opened into the next room. My surmise was correct, and I took French leave."

"I met her," said Hugh, who had just entered, "wandering through the rain and mud and darkness, in a fearful plight, dripping like an Undine under that awful hat, and, indeed, I could hardly tell which was tears and which was rain. So I brought her here, and sent post haste for you."

"I was in search of David," said Patty, "and I found Hugh."

"Weren't you sorry?" I asked, satirically, expecting a retort. But Patty only blushed.

"No-o-o," she stammered, hanging her head. And Hugh put in:

"Marg, couldn't you get Patty some dry clothes?"

"Not without going to Laura Semple's."

"All right—Patty, we will drive around there afterwards."

"After what?"

Patty turned still redder.

"Oh, I am going to take you and Patty for a little drive," said Hugh.

"In all this rain?"

"I am neither sugar nor salt," said Patty, flashing at me with a shame-faced smile.

"After what, Hugh," I persisted.

Hugh did not give me a direct answer.

"I am going to marry Patty by the way," he remarked, coolly.

"To-night?" making an exclamation point of myself, I know.

"To-night, of course." In the most matter-of-fact tone. Patty's cheeks meanwhile like flames of fire.

"In those clothes?"

"Well, yes," said Hugh, a little dubiously. "What is the matter with her clothes, Marg?"

"Oh, nothing," was my reply, in a tone of hopeless imbecility, being reduced by surprise and bewilderment to a state in which muddy garments and tear-stained cheeks seemed the proper accompaniments for a bridal. Patty said nothing, and looked nothing—being apparently completely subdued.

In half an hour from the time of my arrival at the hotel, we were driving rapidly, through rain that was turning fast to sleet, towards the rooms of Dr. Elder, the college chaplain and a life-long friend of Hugh.

The poor old gentleman looked almost as dazed as I felt when we explained the errand on which we had come at that unusual hour. His hair was silver-white, and rumpled up all over his head in a way familiar to me from my infancy, and he wore, in his sanctum, a brilliantly-flowered and comfortable dressing-gown. He excused himself for a moment, and changed this garment for a clerical coat. I felt very much like telling him that the dressing-gown would have better suited the mild lunacy of the whole affair.

It was a remarkable wedding party. Patty was very much scared, and made a most forlorn little bride, her bashful head drooped towards Hugh like a wilted flower, and her draggled skirts gave her a peculiarly limp and disreputable air. Dr. Elder read the service with his spectacles pushed way up on his forehead, and a face that was both anxious and perturbed I think if he hadn't known Hugh so well he would have washed his hands of the whole thing.

Patty revived a little, however, as the service went on, and the good doctor's face cleared when she raised her shy eyes to his, as she responded in her sweet, babyish voice, "I will." Hugh's pride and happiness were contagious, and by the time it was all over Patty was tearful and smiling and blushing softly, with the loveliest pink color, and the sweetest demure light in her blue eyes.

Dr. Elder bent over and kissed her on the lips in a grandfatherly way.

"God bless you, little dear," he said, as if she had been a very small child.

I have Patty's authority for stating that she returned the kiss!

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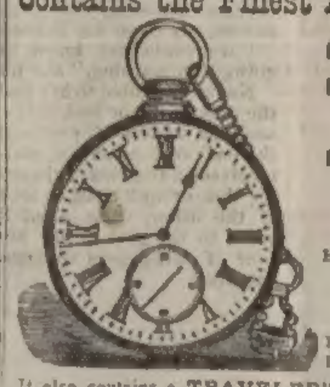

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KISSING.

A kiss is a little thing and evanescent, but of potent influence. A lingering, tender kiss will flood the heart with joyous emotions when a volume of words might fail. It bindeth up the sore spirit and oft given, covers a multitude of shortcomings. None of us can forget that it was the panacea of childhood. To women it is as necessary as the sunshine and dew to the rose. We refer not to the "strong-minded" of the sex, who, in their boasted indifference, find all that is needful to existence within themselves, but to those gentle, domestic creatures who make glad homes. A frequent, heart-given kiss will keep fresh the sweetness which otherwise will turn to coldness and indifference. The lover bestows them profusely on his sweetheart and marvels at her loveliness as she bounds to meet him. She is beautiful, for joy has made her so. The husband gives them not, and soon is wondering at the change so brief a period has wrought in his wife. Although she listens anxiously for his footfalls, her face does not brighten as of yore, nor does she spring to meet him for the caress which she yearns for, but knows will not be given. She becomes exacting, and if he is belated, asks reproachfully how he can stay away so long from his family, which meets with an acrid reply. They preside silently at the meal, vieing in an apparent unconsciousness of each other's presence, the silence only disturbed by the crowing, blue-eyed baby in the mother's arms. With the first unkind word a charm has been broken, and imperfections have been exhumed which the soil of love had covered. The wife has even become suspicious of her husband's truth, though he is faithful as the needle to the pole.

HOW POSTAGE STAMPS ARE MADE.

In printing, steel plates are used, on which two hundred stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with the colored inks and passing them to a man and a girl, who are equally busy at printing them with large rolling hand-presses. Three of these squads are employed all the time, although ten presses can be put in use in case of necessity. After the small sheets of paper upon which the two hundred stamps are engraved have dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed.

The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables mixed with water, which is better than any other material—for instance, gum arabic, which cracks the paper badly. This paper is also of a peculiar texture—somewhat similar to that used for bank notes. After having been again dried—this time on little racks, which are fanned by steam power about an hour—they are put in between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses, capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons.

The next thing is to cut the sheets in half; each sheet of course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to other squads, who, in as many operations, perforate the sheets between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled and stowed away in another room, preparatory to being put in mail-bags for dispatching to fulfil orders.

If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred is burned. About five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. For the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. During the progress of manufacturing the sheets are counted eleven times.

AGRICULTURAL.

PROFESSOR C. V. RILEY, the State entomologist of Missouri, in the course of a recent lecture in St. Louis, on insects, said that the annual loss to farmers, caused by insects, averaged $100,000,000 a year; that the chinch bug alone, during 1874, caused a loss of $30,000,000 in the Western States, of which $19,000,000 were lost in Missouri. Professor Reily estimated the losses by locusts—grasshoppers—during the last three years, at $50,000,000.

MANURE taken directly from the cow-stables and applied to the land, will benefit it as much as though left six months in a heap before hauling out, but the immediate effect upon the crop may not in all cases be quite so apparent. The more thorough the decomposition of the manure before being applied, the sooner will the plants begin to take it up from the soil, simply because it must pass into a liquid or gaseous form before it can be absorbed by the roots.

STRAWBERRIES.—After trying various methods, we have adopted cultivation in rows three feet apart. When the bed needs to be renewed, the runners are allowed to take root in the intermediate spaces; when well established, all save one row of these young plants are spaded up. Charles Downing still proves the best family berries for all soils. Wilson is only fit for market; Nicanor is good on heavy soils; Black Defiance is a fine fruit for home use; Triomphe de Grand and Jucunda give fine, large fruit on heavy, as does Seth Boyden on light soils.

TO PRODUCE NEW VARIETIES.—Solomon Jewett, of Vermont, sends the following note concerning the way in which new fruit varieties may be produced. It may be new to some of our readers. In cases where the time of blossoming of the two varieties is near each other, so that they may be mutually impregnated, let shoots be raised from the kernels or seeds of fruit so impregnated by flouring the pistils of one from the stamens of the other variety, avoiding all other connection from any fecundating power—and again from the selfsame source, and no other, while these shoots shall have blossomed; repeat the process by impregnation from the same tree, vine, or plant alone, and you will obtain varieties partaking of the nature of both parental sources. To obtain a valuable variety or species, be careful to select only the best of each kind for impregnation, as you would do for engrafting on the stalk.

SPRING is almost here again. Everybody is wondering what they shall plant and grow. The great trouble with many persons is that they attempt too much and do not succeed with anything. One bed of well-grown annuals or bedding plants is much handsomer and more effective than a dozen scraggy, half-attended ones. To the novice in floriculture, we would suggest a few of the hardier kind of annuals would give more satisfaction than the more delicate varieties. Among these, the Petunia, Phlox Drummondie, Zinnias, Portulacca, and Verbena stand pre-eminent; and for climbing plants, the Cobea Scandens, Clematis, and Cllanthus are beautiful; but the old-fashioned Convolvulus and Ipomea, or Cypress Vine are of more easy culture. If the small worms are in the soil of your household plants, lay sliced apple over the top of the soil in the pots, and the worms will take shelter under the apple, and may then be destroyed. Every lover of a pleasant and happy home should plant flowers in abundance this, our Centennial year, and then enjoy them. Make bouquets for the house and for your neighbors, and your flowers will bloom all the more from being thus freely cut off.

GRAFTING THE GRAPE VINE.—The method generally practiced in grafting the grape vine is to insert the cion in the stock below the surface of the ground. The cions should be cut early in the season, and put away in some cool place, where they will not shrivel up or the buds swell, until the vines in the vineyard have begun to grow in the spring, and the new shoots are a foot or more in length. If grafted when the buds first begin to push into growth, the flow of sap is so rapid that the inserted cion is very likely to be overflowed or, as it is termed, drowned out. But after new growth has fairly commenced, the sap begins to thicken, and flows less rapidly. The stocks may then be severed, and the dormant cions inserted as in ordinary cleft-grafting of apple or pear trees. Sometimes grapes are grafted in the fall or during the winter or early spring, and if kept just warm enough to insure a union between the scion and stock before the spring flow of sap commences, the operation is usually successful. In localities where the ground does not freeze very deep, grafting of the grape may be performed at almost any time after the falling of the leaves in the autumn, but the novice in such matters will usually succeed best by delaying the operation until the vines commence growing in the spring.

HEADACHE, LANGUOR AND MELANCHOLY generally spring from a Disordered Stomach, Costiveness, or a Torpid Liver. Each may readily be removed by Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills, a few doses of which will be found to stimulate the Liver and Stomach to healthy action, remove all biliousness, and produce regular evacuations of the bowels.

FACETIÆ.

A RHENISH SWAIN.

Oh, cub with me, dearest, the boodlight is broabig,
Is beabig so soft od the sea,
And log at thy lattice thy love has been dreabig,
Beed dreabig, O dreabig of thee!
(Te-chee!)
Beed dreabig, O dreabig of thee!

Hy bark od the shore, love, is tederly rookig,
Before rosy dawd we must flee,
Oh, wave frob the casebeat a towel, a stookig,
To bib that is waitig for thee!
(Te-chee!)
To bib that is waitig for thee!

Dod't do up thy bag-hair? 'Tis buch bore ro-beadig
To led those rich tresses float free;
And dodn't delay log, for I'b perfectly freadig
To brave the sea-billow with thee!
(Te-chee!)
To brave the sea-billow with thee!

Ah, haste, darlig, haste; id is truly displeasig
To stad in wed grass to by dee,
And ever wudee id a while to be sneezig,
While dreabig, O dreabig of thee!
(Te-chee!)
Yes! sneezig and dreabig of thee!

A RECENT marriage notice ends with the singular expression, probably added by a waggish friend: "May their future troubles be little ones."

TOM MOORE compares love to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes." "Or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes all the less by parting."

"THE boy howling in major, the girl in minor, two singing nurses, and between wet diapers and milk bottles sit I as a loving father," is the way Bismarck describes his married life.

A NEW book is entitled "Die Hauptstrocmunger der Literatur des Neunzehnten Jahrunderts." This title will give you all the necessary time to get out of the back door while the agent is mentioning it.

THEY have a disagreeable way in Canon city, Colorado, when a man takes a broken chair to the cabinet-shop, of saying, "Hit you with a chair, did she?" This is very trying to the average citizen.

AT a religious revival of the colored people now in progress at Palestine, Texas, a song was sung, of which these two lines are specimens:

What kind o' shoes is dem you wear,
Dat makes you walk so light and square?

"MY dear," said a fond husband to his wife, "where would you go should I fail in business?"

"Where I always go when I can, love," was the answer, "into the arms-house."

And so saying, the tevely wife hid her blushes in the encircling embrace of her husband.

AFTER THE ASSIGNMENT.—"You are not having many nice dresses this year," said one Chicago belle to another the other evening.

"No, I know I don't," was the reply.

"But why don't you?" inquired the positive friend.

"Well, I'll tell you, Madge," was the answer. "You see, pa says we have got to scrimp along a little for awhile, until he can make an 'assignment' or something, after which he says we can 'splurge' all we want."

A FREE COUNTRY.—An old curmudgeon was running himself on the post-office steps yesterday forenoon, when a lady came along, having a letter in her hand. She looked up and down the building, hesitated, and asked the man:

"Where do you mail your letters here?"

"I always mail mine inside the building," he calmly replied, "but you can do as you please about it—there's no law to compel you to."

The look she gave him would have knocked a street car off the track.

PREPOSTEROUS EXPECTATIONS.—In a Woodward avenue street car yesterday a man's breath smelled so strongly of whisky that a gentleman moved across the car to get out of the circle.

"Any sing wrong?" asked the drunkard, as he observed the change.

"Nothing, except your breath smells of whisky enough to knock a horse over."

"'Spect she does—she does," was the candid reply, "but you don't 'spect poor man like me can buy cologne an' whisky, too, do you?"

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.—He was reading the paper the other evening, when his eye struck the following head-line: "Serious Complications in Turkey." He threw down the paper, dove into his coat, got under his hat, and hastily departed. Ten minutes later he appeared at the grocery where he trades.

"What's the price of prunes?" he breathlessly inquired.

"Eighteen cents," was the reply.

"Same as they was a little time ago?" suggested our friend.

"Yes."

"Gimme five pounds."

That amount was weighed and done up for him, and during the operation he moved about uneasily and glanced nervously around at every sound of the door.

When he reached home with his prunes he threw the package on the table, and triumphantly exclaimed:

"There, Mary Jane! There's five pounds of Al prunes, at eighteen cents. Now let the war in Turkey go ahead if it wants to, and the price of prunes go up as high as a meetin' house, we are secure. By jingoes," he added, mopping the perspiration from his face, "a man has to keep his eyes open if he wants to get along in these hard times."

PLANNING HOUSES.

The planning of houses is left almost entirely to men, and most women are content to have it so, and to look upon the whole question of domestic architecture as one with which they have nothing to do. But if women would study this subject and have intelligent and practical ideas on the arrangement, finish, and convenience of the houses they live in, their suggestions would be of great value to architects, and doubtless result in an increase of health and household comfort.

"The wise woman buildeth her house." Taking this in a literal sense, every woman who is "wise" will so plan her house that she will find it pleasant to live in. The ordinary way of building a house is to decide how much money can be put into it; then what its size shall be, and then how it shall be cut up into rooms. The reverse is the proper method. The sitting-room or family room should first be determined on, and from this as a centre, all the others should radiate.

Each family will naturally give law to its own habitation and impress its own individuality upon the house it lives in. Every woman has her own way of doing housework, and if she is able to plan her house herself, she will arrange its conveniences in such a way as to make it easy for her to go through the ordinary routine of domestic industry with the least possible friction. She will not be likely to forget to put closets in sleeping rooms, as the architect of Vassar College did. She will have water carried in and out of the house; she will so plan her pantry, and kitchen, and dining-room as to bring her work there into the smallest possible compass, and make the greatest saving of steps while doing it. She will not have the two or three stair steps from the kitchen into the woodhouse that are so often found in country houses. She will plan her house so that it can be pleasantly furnished when it is done.

How often do we find bed rooms with no suitable place in them for the bed, for the bureau, for the stove; and sitting-rooms arranged as to light, heating, and ventilation, without any regard to comfort or convenience. As women pass most of their time in their own dwellings they ought surely to know better than men how these dwellings should be arranged and finished so as to give the largest results in comfort and tastefulness, and be able to advise intelligently as to the best method of securing these results.

IT not unfrequently happens that those persons who, in society, carry all before them by their spirits and acquirements are at home the most restless and uncomfortable beings on the face of the earth, because they cannot there find the very excitement which is almost necessary to their existence.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

Did you ever go to sleep in church? We don't mean to ask if you have done so deliberately. Of course you haven't. You put your head on the back of the seat in front just to rest it, and to think of the sermon. The words of the preacher are very distinct to you at first. They present something for your mind to take hold of and to wrestle intellectually with. Then they calm and soothe you. They become a lullaby that floats through your brain, gently filling in the crevices, and giving you a blissful sense of rest. They merge themselves so imperceptibly with your most distant thoughts as to lose their identity. Farther and farther away they sound, until they have disappeared entirely.

The scene suddenly changes. You are in the midst of a maddened mob. There is a struggle on your part to save yourself from their violence. You strike out and kick out, and squirm and wrench yourself. It is a desperate struggle. Every muscle in your body stands out like whip cords; every nerve is stretched to its utmost. You succeed in getting free of the mass. Then you start on a run, with the pack running after you. You cry out for help. You shriek at the top of your voice for succor. Blindly galloping along you come unexpectedly to a precipice. You make a herculean effort to save yourself, but it is too late. With a scream of terror you go over its edge, and are hurled headlong into the dreadful abyss below.

Then you awake. You have hit your head on the back of the pew. For a moment there is a dreadful vagueness as to your whereabouts. The next moment brings with it the realization that you are in church. The words of the minister awake you to this consciousness with awful distinctness. What did you do in that dream? is a query that takes hold of you with frightful force. Did you throw your arms in the air? Did you kick the bench? Did you scream out? The perspiration gathers in great drops on your face, and sharp flashes of heat shoot along your spine, while there is sinking enough in the pit of your stomach to start a shaft in a gold mine. You dare not look up. You can imagine every eye in the assembly is turned upon you, waiting to confront you face to face.

It is a dreadful feeling—so dreadful that it finally becomes unbearable—and finally you slowly raise your head, and gradually, but furtively, glance about you. The congregation is as you left them. Not an eye is turned towards you, and you might believe that you had not been asleep at all, were it not for the awakening of one leg, accompanied by all the poignant sensations of that operation.—*Danbury News.*

CLUB LIFE IN NEW YORK.

There are all kinds of clubs in New York, some of a very dignified and some of a very ludicrous character. Some are remarkable for their ingenious good humor, while others appeal to the æsthetic taste. Among the former is the Cooking Club, which we mention because of its originality and its combination of fun and feeding. The Cooking Club is limited to ten of each sex, which makes as large a number as can conveniently be accommodated at an ordinary table. Every fortnight it meets at the house of one of its number, and each lady is required to send in a dish cooked in her own kitchen. The names of the donors are kept a secret, and the guests discuss the merits of the various dishes with perfect freedom. It affords a great deal of amusement, and no doubt has a tendency to improve the culinary art, which were a consummation devoutly to be wished.

We would recommend a Kitchen Club, also, the object of which would be to see which of its membership kept the best kitchen. If there be anything which needs improving, it is not the parlors, but the kitchens; and the Kitchen Club might perform a good work, and even achieve fame, for a thorough reformation on this point is needed. If modern housekeepers were more in their kitchens, they would probably try to remedy the evil referred to.

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of sense.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

SMITH.—Col. Nicholas Smith has a clever article in *Galaxy* on the inconvenience of being named "Smith," in which he gives us some new and amusing variations on the ancient theme. He endeavors to console himself and his vast family by deriving the name from Shem, through the following Æonian changes: Shem, Shemit, Shmit, Smith. A more exalted pedigree, however, is at his disposal, for the Smith family of Greece claim descent from Apollo, one of whose surnames was Smintheur. Recent researches, moreover, connect the name with one of the early forms of human faith—the "Sunmyth"—which is simply the letter S for sun, with "myth" added.

A Brain-Soothing Remedy.

The wondrous organ that crowns the edifice of man is not only the seat of reflection and the home of ideality, but it is the governing centre of the nervous system. When it is overwrought, unduly excited, or affected by irregularities of those bodily organs with which it most closely sympathizes, all the nerves suffer, and the general health is impaired. The reason why Hostetter's Stomach Bitters exercise such a soothing influence upon the brain is, that they remove those digestive and bilious derangements which react injurious upon it, and that in relieving irritation or weakness of the great sympathetic nerve which connects the stomach and the brain, they beneficially affect the latter organ as well as the former. Sound sleep, clearness of mind, easy digestion and freedom from biliousness are insured by this prime regulative tonic and nervine.

Caution to Housekeepers.—Owing to the increasing cost of vanilla beans used in the manufacture of Extract Vanilla, spurious compounds are being thrown upon the market, purporting to be pure vanilla, but prepared principally from Tonqua beans. This nauseating substitute costs the manufacturer less than one-twentieth part as much as the genuine vanilla bean. It can readily be detected by its odor. It is used principally by tobacconists for perfuming snuff and cigars, and was never intended to be used as a flavoring for the various compounds prepared for the human stomach. *Burnett's Extract of Vanilla* is prepared from selected vanilla beans, and is warranted entirely free from Tonqua or other deleterious substances.

HOW MANY PERSONS,

Particularly those of sedentary habits, are constantly suffering from the effects of indigestion and Dyspepsia, which they allow to go on unchecked until they are prostrated by a fatal attack of bilious or typhoid fever. To all desiring a speedy cure for Indigestion and Biliousness we can recommend that sovereign remedy, SCHENK'S MANDRAKE PILLS. A trial will demonstrate the excellent remedial qualities of this great medicine.

Sold by all druggists.

To the Consumptive.—Let those who languish under the fatal severity of our climate through any pulmonary complaint, or even those who are in decided consumption, by no means despair. There is a safe and sure remedy at hand, and one easily tried. "*Wilbor's Compound of Cod Liver Oil and Lime*," without possessing the very nauseating flavor of the Oil as heretofore used, is endowed by the phosphate of lime with a healing property which renders the oil doubly efficacious. Remarkable testimonials of its efficacy can be exhibited to those who desire to see them. For sale by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston.

Rheumatism

Is radically, rapidly, and readily cured by use of Griffen's Rheumatic Remedies. Price One Dollar each. Sent by express, prepaid, on receipt of $1.25, to any part of the United States. Universal Hemorrhoidal cures "Piles, painlessly, in a week. Price 75 cents. Sent by express for $1.00. Office, No. 114 S. Fourth street, Philadelphia. *Mention this paper.*

THE testimonials to the merits of Imperial Granum in cases of stomach and bowel trouble in infants and children are very numerous and are of a character to compel belief in its value and efficacy. A full description of the article will be found in another column.

Valuable and Reliable.—"Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are invaluable to those exposed to sudden changes, affording prompt relief in Coughs, Colds, etc.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement of K. London in this paper, as interesting to all those contemplating purchases in that line.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,

32 Warren Street, New York.

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE of IRON,

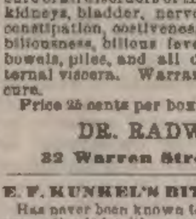
Has never been known to fail in the cure of weakness, attended with symptoms, indisposition to exertion, loss of memory, difficulty of breathing, general weakness, horror of disease, weak, nervous trembling, dreadful horror of death, night sweats, cold feet, weakness, dimness of vision, languor, universal lassitude of the muscular system, enormous appetite, with dyspeptic system, hot hands, flushing of the body, dryness of the skin, pallid countenance and eruptions on the face, purifying the blood, pain in the back, heaviness of the eyelids, frequent black spots flying before the eyes, with temporary suffusion and loss of sight, want of attention, etc. These symptoms all arise from a weakness, and to remedy that use E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. It never fails. Thousands are now enjoying health who have used it. Get the genuine. Sold only in $1 bottles. Take only E. F. Kunkel's. Depot and office, No. 299 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ask for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. This truly valuable tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community that it is now deemed indispensable as a Tonic medicine. It costs but little, purifies the blood and gives tone to the stomach, renovates the system and prolongs life.

I now only ask a trial of this valuable tonic. Price $1 per bottle. E. F. KUNKEL, Sole Proprietor, No. 299 North Ninth Street, below Vine, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other. It is sold only in $1 bottles, with a photograph of the proprietor on each wrapper; all other is counterfeit. Sold by all druggists.

Tape Worm Removed Alive.

Head and all complete in two hours. No fee till head passes. Scat, Pin and Stomach Worms removed by Dr. KUNKEL, 299 North Ninth Street. Advice free. No fee until cured. Ask for KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP. Price $1, and guaranteed. Send for circular.



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Liberal Terms of Exchange for Second-hand Machines of every description.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS. The Best Patterns made. Send 3cts. for Catalogue.

Address DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.

AGENTS WANTED. NEW YORK.

"PSYCHOMANCY, or Soul Charming."—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents; together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies. A queer book. 100,000 sold. Address, T. WILLIAMS & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

25 FANCY CARDS, 7 styles, with name, 10 cts. Address J. B. HUNTER, Nassau, Rens. Co., N. Y.

4 Stereoscopic Views of the Centennial, by mail, for 50 cts. H. C. MANSELL, Bridgeton, Me.

$200 A MONTH. Agents wanted. Excel. Mfg. Co., 128 Michigan av., Chicago, Ill.

$200 a month. Agents wanted. Business honorable. Excel. Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

A HANDSOME and mysterious pocketbook free for stamp. Somers Co., Newark, N. J.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

IN order to introduce Goods, samples American Burglar Alarm sent post paid, 10 cents. CENTENNIAL NOVELTY, Phila., Pa.

AGENTS For best chance in the world to make money, address D. S. SAFETY POCKET CO., Newark, N. J.

GOLD Watches given away to agents selling our goods. Circulars free. Samples 25 cents. Empire Novelty Co., 309 Broadway, N. Y.

RICH Books, Curious Goods, Sporting Articles, etc. 64-page book for two 3-cent stamps. W. J. BALDWIN & CO., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

CARDS 30 assorted Visiting Cards in tints with name sent for 15 cts. Sample sent for a 3 cent stamp. E. L. SMITH, South Schodack, New York.

$250 A MONTH.—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FARM FOR SALE. 181 acres valuable Grass and Grain land. Good buildings, orchard, water, etc. Near village, R. R. depot and P. O. Terms easy. Address, H. Seaman, Milford, Chemung Co., N. Y.

YES WE WANT an agent in every town. Easy work at home. Write now and we will start you. $5 a day sure to all. SIMPSON & SMITH, 61 Cortlandt St., New York.

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THE BOUDOIR.

We are of the opinion that to break a promise is an exceedingly dishonorable—not to say wicked—act; therefore we do recall to mind that we have made such a stipulation with our readers concerning a detailed account of hats and bonnets, and will hasten to discharge it.

In all importations that we have seen, chip—real French chip—takes the precedence. In ecru, cream, and any tint between or just a little beyond these hues, the majority of hats are shown. Often there is a band of two inches in width inserted in the rim, of a darker shade, bordering on a tan; this we do not very strongly commend, because it seems a doubtful taste. The capote shape is given a marked preference in hats, and in some bonnets it is combined with a soft crown of silk. Many hats have the capote back or features of it, and a high revers in front, lined with silk, either shirred, or else laid in fine pleats. The tendency this season seems to be to avoid any stiffness in trimming hats; consequently soft puffs and shirring are preferred to pleatings. In bonnets we have seen many charming ones of fine chip, two of which we will describe.

One of unbleached or ecru color, was in the capote form, and had a high, soft crown, puffed high towards the front of deep cream colored gros de Inca. At the front of this puffed crown were three upright loops of the silk. At the end or back of it was a quilling or ruche of the silk, standing out from the bonnet. On the right side of the puffed crown commenced a thick half wreath of heather sprays in the natural tints, ending under the puff at the back in hanging ends, mixed with field daisies, and with strings of the silk, laid in soft folds, and put on quite back of the ear and outside of the bonnet, crossed loosely under the chin and pinned with a handsome pin. The front was lined with silk to match the trimming silk, and had clusters of daisies and heather filling up the space.

Another in this shape was of chip, with a long scarf of silk tissue, cream colored, and striped across with fine lines of deep ecru silk. This scarf was put on near the front, and in a high front, in front of which was an ostrich tip of shaded cream and ecru. A deep puff of the scarf, divided in the middle, covered the crown, and just below it, was confined by a band of chip an inch and a half wide. A wide, soft ribbon of cream colored serge commenced just under this chip band, and falling with the scarf, looped it slightly just above the shoulders, and was there tied around it in a loose bow and knot. The scarf was about a yard long after the looping and puffing. The front of this hat had a ruching of cream colored tulle, with here and there a cluster of pale violets. A half wreath of similar violets, with leaves, fell gracefully from the front towards the left side, on the outer part of the hat.

A hat of black chip had a revers front, lined with pale apple-blossom tinted faille, and with a puffing of tulle across it, caught here and there with apple-blossoms and buds. Outside was a wide scarf of palish pink—almost flesh-color—loosely twisted about the crown and surrounded by a garland of apple-blossoms and pricot flowers, a long spray of the two kinds of blossoms hanging low down upon the wide ends of the scarf, which was edged with cashmere lace.

A hat of nice straw was lined in front with a shirring of very pale blue silk serge. A large, double, butterfly bow, with upright ends was placed directly in the middle of the front, and was of ribbons a shade darker than the lining silk. Loops of similarly tinted ribbons, a tip of cream colored feathers, and sprays of jessamine flowers completed the garnitures of this hat.

For a little girl, there was one of yellow straw, with the rim bent down in front and turned up on the back. The rim lined with blue serge silk. A ruche of cashmere lace encircled the crown, and a closely curled ostrich tip of lilac fell over the crown. A half-blown rosebud, with leaves and several small buds, was placed at the left side. Another cluster was placed under the upturned rim at the back, and under it fell streamers of pale blue serge ribbon.

Veils of dotted, cream colored tulle are much worn, and cream tinted crepe veils. Mask veils are given the preference generally, as they give a prettier effect than the loose, hanging veils.

A very handsome costume in black silk had a deep knife-pleating around the bottom, above which was placed a row of cashmere lace two and three-quarters of an inch deep; then a bias band of silk, headed by another row of lace of the same depth. The overskirt had double apron front, square shaped, and covering only front and side breadths. A deep fall of cashmere lace edged these aprons, headed by a bias band of silk, above which was a row of wide cashmere lace insertion. A square scarf of silk was made to do duty as back width, edged and trimmed with lace to match the front widths. A very deep pocket, laid in pleats and having lace at the top and bottom, was placed on the right side, low down. The cuirass basque had an edging of lace, a quilling of lace down each side of the front outlining a vest of the silk. The sleeves of the basque were crossed diagonally by bands of cashmere insertion, and had a deep cuff above the wrist, formed of bands of insertion edged with lace and with a double bow of black and cream tinted ribbon. A ruching of crepe lisse was placed inside the neck and at the wrists.

A dress of dove-gray silk had two flounces box-pleated on. A deep overskirt with diagonal folds across the front. A deep pleated pocket on the left side, tied near the bottom with a band and bow, with ends of cardinal colored ribbons. Cuirass basque, deep on the hips and in front, buttoned with cardinal silk buttons. Cuffs on sleeves trimmed with similarly tinted buttons.

OUR WORK TABLE.

Our description this week is of a suit for a little girl of nine or ten years of age, and is made of plaided and solid color debege. The model before us is of gray plaid, the bars of light and dark gray. The solid color is used only as a trimming. Number of yards required is six of plaid and three of solid color. The front is cut Gabrielle and buttoned from throat to hem, with medium sized buttons of vegetable ivory. The skirt at the back is cut separate from the body part, and is sewed on in four double pleats. On the waist, just at the middle, is a *plastron* of five pleats, laid on, the pleats turning one way. At the bottom of these pleats is a band extending from one arm seye to another, and fastened at each end by two buttons. Below this band are two short skirts or falls of the plain material, pleated on, one six inches deep and just below the belt, extending as far only as the side seams; the other extending eight inches below the upper one. In front, there are two open pieces sewed on in the shoulder and side seams, to simulate basque fronts. These are fastened at the neck only, and from thence fall free. There was a pleating of plain material around these fronts. Sleeves of plaid, with cuffs bound with plain material. Small pleated, standing collar of plain material. Deep-pleated pocket of same material, lined with plaid, low down upon the right side. A row of buttons and simulated button-holes was placed up the side seams.

We furnish pattern on receipt of price and two stamps for mailing: price, forty cents.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Gros de Inca is much used for trimming hats and bonnets.

Centennial sash ribbons are shown in red, white and blue; some with the stripes across, some longitudinal.

A very pretty style of tea cloth is shown in gray or ecru linen, with rows of ecru guipure crossing each other.

Galloon—both silk and woolen—will be much used upon suits, for trimming.

In bonnets and hats, marked preference is given to the capote shape.

Cashmere lace reigns supreme.

Wreaths for bonnets are of flowers and fine grasses or heather sitps combined, and are long.

A new style of broderie is an application of coarser lace upon a white tulle ground.

Jewelry of beaten silver, in filagree patterns, is much in vogue. Pretty designs are shown, such as a bird hovering over a nest of eggs; or a butterfly quivering upon a spray of grass.

India cashmere is the popular fabric for spring suitings, combined with silk.

Lace barbes or strings will be much worn upon bonnets this coming season.

Black silk is more popular than colored for street wear.

Onyx jewelry, combined with coral, is worn.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., for information received.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss G. M., VA.—Sent pattern on 8th inst., and replied to questions.

KITTIE M.—The sleeveless jackets you ask about will be just as fashionable during the coming season as hitherto. We would advise you to have one of Valenciennes or French lace insertion, alternated with shirring of fine sheer, Swiss, or French muslin, and edged with Valenciennes lace. Then have one of black velvet ribbon, alternated with ecru cashmere insertion and lace. You can make them yourself by basting first upon a paper pattern of basque, and then sewing together.

ANNETTE and MILLIE are very much concerned about hats. Get French chip, unbleached, and trim with ecru colored gros de Inez or serge silk and lace, with a few flowers.

NIBOR.

THE RECONSIDERED VERDICT.

BY F. S. M.

Some sixty years ago a case was tried at Chester, in England, before a judge of great ability and eminence, and a jury whose intelligence—but you shall hear. In the preceding spring there had been a bad case of burglary at a farmhouse in Cheshire. Three men had tied down and gagged the farmer and his two maid servants, and had rifled the house at their leisure. The police were told of the matter, and pretty accurate descriptions were given of the men. There were two other clews. In the struggle one of them had lost a button from his coat, which button he had left behind. Also, the same man had had his face so severely scratched by one of the maids, that the girl said "she was sure she had left her mark upon him."

Weeks passed without any arrests being made, and people began to forget the burglary, until one day a man was taken up on suspicion of being concerned in quite a different matter. He had with him a bundle containing some of the plunder of the farmhouse. More of the plunder was found at his lodgings. His face bore traces of scratching, and, to clinch the matter, his coat wanted a button, and the buttons on it corresponded exactly with that picked up at the scene of the burglary.

His defence was very flimsy:

"He knew nothing about the burglary, but had bought the coat and things very cheap of a man in the street."

"Did you know the man?"

"No, never saw him before nor since."

"How about the scratches?"

"Well, he was a sailor, and too much accustomed to big hurts to take notice of scratches."

Of course he was committed for trial, and the trial came on at Chester. It excited a good deal of interest, and the court was crowded.

And yet, after all, there was very little to be said. The circumstantial testimony above mentioned was overwhelming, and, in addition to that, farmer and servants with one accord swore to the identity of the prisoner with the burglar. There was no defence; the jury found a verdict of "guilty" without leaving the box, and, as burglary was a hanging matter in those days, it merely remained to pass sentence of death. Only a formula between him and judgment:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the verdict of the jury. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Then the prisoner spoke for the first time. Just brushing his eyes with the cuff of his coat, he began:

"Well, cap'n, it's hard to be hung for noth'n, but I can see this is a yard-arm business. I know no more o' this 'ere burglary nor a baby. When the thing came off I was fightin' the slavers on the Gold Coast. But you've got no call to believe that, and so there's an end to it."

"But," urged the judge, "the court has no wish to hang a man who may be innocent. Is there no one who could speak for you?"

"No," he began—but just then his eye lighted on a stranger from the inn. "Yes," he added, pointing to him, "there's a gentleman who might speak for me if he would."

The judge turned round. "Do you know the prisoner?" he asked.

"No, my lord," was the reply, "I never saw him before in my life."

"Well, Captain Sharpe," said the prisoner, "if you put the rope around my neck, I give in. Go on, my lord."

"Stay," said the judge; "is your name Captain Sharpe?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Well, the prisoner seems to recognize you, so that I will ask you to step into the witness box and be sworn, that he may ask you questions."

The captain went into the box, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Are you Captain Sharpe of his Majesty's ship Vulture?" "Yes."

"Were you in command of her on the slave coast this spring?"

"I was."

"And wasn't I one of your crew?"

"Most certainly not."

"But, cap'n, don't you remember the big slaver that gave you all the trouble, that you had to board?"

"Yes."

"Well, but, cap'n, once more; don't you remember the big nigger that was almost cutting you down? Don't you remember the man who stood between you and death, and what he got for it? Don't you remember that?"

And brushing back his hair, the prisoner showed a great scar down one side of his head.

The whole court looked on breathless as the captain stared at the scar and the man till his eyes seemed starting from his head. At length, as if in a dream, the captain seized the prisoner's hand, and turning to the judge, said:

"My lord, this was the best man in my crew, and he saved my life. Kind Providence has sent me here to save his. He is so changed by illness and imprisonment that I could not recognize him. But there is no mistake now, and if you hang the old bo'son of the Vulture you must hang his captain with him."

Then followed a scene rarely witnessed in a court of justice. Amid cheers and sobs that no one cared to suppress the judge briefly directed the jury to reconsider their verdict, which they at once did, finding a unanimous "Not guilty." The prisoner was discharged, and left the dock arm-in-arm with the captain. They were hurried into a chaise and drawn to the inn in a triumphal procession, and, after a sumptuous lunch, they posted off together to London. As they cleared the ancient town, Captain Sharpe might have been heard addressing his companion somewhat as follows:

"Well, old pall, we pulled through that business pretty well, I think. But it was a near go. That was a good notion of Wily Bob's to wait for the verdict before moving. We could never have touched that evidence."

"Yes," replied the innocent and long suffering boatswain of the Vulture, "and if you had cottoned to me a minute too soon, the beak would have been fly to the trick. Lord, I was fit to burst when the old boy began to cry."

From which brief remark we gather that "Captain Sharpe" might have known more of the burglary than of the Vulture.

THE OHIO STATE BUILDING.

The different States are all now hard at work erecting their respective buildings, some of them being nearly completed, and all of them certain to be long before the opening day of the Exhibition arrives.

This week we give an illustration of the Ohio building, which, being of stone, will probably be the most substantial of all the State structures. The citizens of the State are taking a great interest in its construction, and from all parts of the Buckeye Commonwealth stone has been contributed. Hence, in order to have a specimen of all the quarries enter into the erection of the structure the stone will be laid in courses, each course being a different kind. The building is well under way, and as the material is upon the ground but little time will be required for its completion.

We shall each week give our readers a cut of one of the buildings, that have been erected by the different States, located for the most part on State Avenue, so called because it is devoted chiefly to these State structures.

The Ohio building will be the centre of attraction to many thousands of visitors, who will find their State most creditably represented by a structure which in architectural beauty, construction and appointments, will compare most favorably with any of the other edifices of a similar nature.

The vast agricultural and industrial interests of Ohio, which will be well represented in all the departments of this World's Fair, make this State one of the foremost in all that pertains to the Exhibition.

The whole State has entered into the Centennial project with a fervor and enthusiasm that might well be followed by some of the other States that are neighbors to Pennsylvania.

THE OHIO STATE BUILDING.

INDUSTRIAL SKETCHES.—No. III.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,

Publishers, Booksellers, Importers and Stationers, Philadelphia

The publishing house of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Nos. 715 and 717 Market street, Philadelphia, is quite distinguished as the largest book establishment in the country.

The entire Lippincott Building, which is on the north side of Market street, about midway between Seventh and Eighth, is about one hundred feet in width by three hundred and sixty-five feet in depth, running through to Filbert street. The front on Market street is of solid blue marble, and the front on Filbert street of brick. The entire building is as nearly fire proof as may be; was built expressly for the printing, binding, publishing, in a word, for the making and selling of books, and is perhaps better adapted to these uses than any other structure in this country.

The Book Store proper is forty-five feet in width, and on the main floor, runs in one immense room through the entire depth of the building.

The entire establishment is most thoroughly organized, each member of the firm being at the head of some special department of the business; and promptness, enterprise and economy distinguish all the actions and dealings of the house.

Above the first or main floor, the building—or rather buildings, for they were erected at different times—are devided about midway between Market and Filbert streets, the rooms over the front of the store running back only as far as this division, but connected by a bridge with the manufactory, which has the full frontage of one hundred feet on Filbert street, by one hundred and forty-six feet in depth, rising to the height of six stories, and is perhaps the completest book making concern in the world. The composition is done on one floor, the printing on another, the collating, stitching and binding on the two upper floors, and always well done; and when finished, the books are passed down to the spacious room on the main floor already mentioned.

In the space allotted us it will be impossible to go into the details of the evolution and present management of this vast establishment. Its present importance and dimensions are largely due to the skill and energy of the senior members of the firm, but the junior partners are made of the same material, and the prospects for the future are those of solid and constant increase.

Mr. J. B. Lippincott began the book business when a boy, had charge of an entire book store before he was twenty-one, and soon after founded the house of J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This house carries a much larger stock than any other book establishment in Philadelphia, in fact pretty nearly all the literary treasures of the world may be found on the main floor of this building. The heavy goods are received and unpacked in the cellar, front and rear. In the cellar are also piled enormous quantities of school books and paper bound editions of other publications, also immense quantities of the parts or unbound numbers of *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, which, in its present American revised edition, is in many respects the completest and most reliable and reasonable encyclopœdia in the market.

About one-fourth of the main floor front is devoted to the retail book and stationery business. Here are to be found the finest editions of nearly all books that are worth reading.

In the winter of 1874-5 fine plate-glass windows, with walnut mouldings, were placed in the window spaces on this floor, and are now regularly filled with the choicest books to be found, the latest editions of new books, and the latest novelties in the stationery line.

Back of the retail department is the wholesale jobbing department, with the desks of those who have charge of this branch. Then about midway of the store come the private sanctum of the senior partner, a small, plain walnut enclosure—nothing elaborate or costly about it—the desks of several other members of the firm, the counting-room, and various clerks' desks; and back of these, immense piles of stock, especially in the line of new books just delivered from the factory. Still toward the rear are the desks of the clerks who attend to putting up the daily orders, which come in from all parts of the country; and in the rear, on Filbert street, is the shipping department, with the desk of the shipping clerk in the midst of it.

The second floor front is devoted to the wholesale stationery department, and the rear of this floor to the magazine department. The floors above are given to stationery stock and to books in sheets or unbound.

The publications of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. range all the way from the lightest and last novel to the heaviest and most elaborate works of science, philosophy, and religion, together with some of the best works of reference that have ever been published in the English language. Among the most noteworthy of these are, *Chamber's Encyclopædia*, already mentioned; *Lippincott's Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, Lippincott's Gazetter, Lippincott's Dictionary of English Literature, and Dictionary of Poetical Quotations*, and also *Dictionary of Prose Quotations*, the last three works being by Allibone. Still in the line of works of reference come *Blunt's Theological Dictionaries, Jamieson, Fausset and Brown's Commentary on the Old and New Testaments, Black's Atlas of the World;* and in the line of medicine, *The United States Dispensatory, Wood's Therapeutics, Garretson on Oral Surgery*—works, all of which in their respective spheres, rank among the very highest sources of authority in our language. In the Department of History and Biography, the publications of Messrs. Lippincott & Co. are very rich and valuable. In addition to the latest editions of *Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay*, and other standard writers of past generations, we would name the following splendid works, *Prescott's Histories*, new revised editions; *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams* by *Charles Francis Adams*, and *Life of John Adams, Bigelow's Life of Franklin*, new edition; *Kirk's Life of Charles the Bold*, and *Forster's Life of Charles Dickens*. Among the more popular standard publications of this house are, Irving's complete works, Dickens' complete, in various beautiful editions; Scott's works, and several choice editions of the English poets. In the line of gift books, works of art and architecture, the house is rich both in its publications and importations.

To meet the wants of the hour, Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have recently published a revised edition of their *Philadelphia and its Environs*—perhaps the most readable and popular American guide book ever issued; and still more recently, in fact, just now, published under the auspices of the Centennial Commission, and just at the needed moment, comes their *Visitor's Guide to the Centennial Exhibition and Philadelphia*. It is the only guide book that will be sold on the Exhibition grounds, it is positive official authority on the subjects treated, and is in point of contents and style of make up the neatest, completest, and most convenient little gem of a guide book we have ever seen. It has an original guide map of Philadelphia, an original colored guide map of the Centennial Exhibition grounds, with every needed detail of information—and sold, in stiff paper binding, at 25 cents; and in fine cloth, at 50 cents.

The visitor to Philadelphia can hardly say he has seen the city, unless he has looked through the great book house of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

PERSONALITIES.

SENATORS have their little idiosyncracies like other mortals. A Washington correspondent says that Senator Thurman uses a red bandanna handkerchief, and blows the loudest nose in America. On one occasion Senator Jones, of Nevada, who early in life had been a brakeman on a railroad, dropped to sleep at his desk. Senator Thurman, whose seat is near the bonanza statesman, solemnly waved his red bandana and gave his nose a terrific snort. The sleeping senator sprang to his feet, and seizing his desk commenced twisting it with all his might. He afterwards explained that he thought Thurman's blow was an engine whistling "down brakes," and the red handkerchief as a signal of distress; hence his wrenching of the desk.

THE suite of the Emperor of Brazil, now on his way to this country, consists of the Empress, Chamberlain, a gentleman in waiting to the Empress, a maid of honor, a physician, a private secretary, and a treasurer, with seven servants. They will occupy twenty-two rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

THE Princess of Wales, according to a polite fiction, is left in charge of England during the absence of the Queen on the Continent, and pending the return of the Prince.

JOE SONG, a former resident of the Chinese Empire, cut off his queue, and became a citizen of the United States recently, by going through the proper formula in the Probate Court at Cincinnati.

GEORGE SMITH, the Assyrologist, has left England to resume his explorations of the site of the royal temple at Nineveh. His permit extends over two years.

IN addition to the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, the following notabilities will visit the Centennial Exhibition: A son of the King of Sweden, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, (Princess Louise, of England), the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earl and Countess of Dufferin.

THE Grangers of the United States have over $18,000,000 invested in their various enterprises.

SIR HENRY HALFORD has formally resigned the captaincy of the British National Rifle Team.

DOUGLAS JERROLD was a youthful compositor at the printing office of Mr. Bigg, in Lombard street, when he "commenced author" by dropping a criticism on "Der Freischutz" for *Artist's Magazine*, into Mr. Bigg's letter box; and an anxious night he is said to have passed, and a bright morrow it was when the editor handed him his own composition—technically speaking—to compose, together with an address to the anonymous contributor, asking for further contributions. His sisters are said to remember the boisterous delight with which he would occasionally afterwards bound into the house, with a little publication in his hand, shouting "It's in; it's in!"

IT will not always do to be over-confident, a fact that was fully exemplified on the first of April, by a critic upon one of our prominent journals. He boasted that nobody should or could make an April fool of him, and he went through the day without having been victimized. He returned home to the bosom of his family, doubtless full of that glee which follows triumph. Upon entering his apartments he joyously approached what he conceived to be his wife, seated in a chair, and addressed her with that appropriate tenderness that is so becoming in a devoted husband when he returns from the labors of the day. Unfortunately, as it turned out, the figure he saw before him was not that of his wife, who had dressed the back of a chair with a gown, a hat, and shawl, and was concealed in a closet to watch the effect upon her boastful spouse. It is almost sad to reflect how often victory is snatched away at the very moment when success seems assured.

THE Rev. W. H. H. Murray, who was mentioned some time ago as having carried off on his shoulders a large limb of Boston's historic elm, has since that event been beset by relic seekers, whom in his newspaper, the *Golden Rule*, he admonishes thus: "1st. That he wishes to use all the wood himself; 2d. That he has given it all away; and 3d. That he never got a piece of the old elm; that he was out of town when the elm fell; that the tree is still standing, and besides tals, he has the relic sawed into wooden mallets, with which he will brain everybody who attempts to ascend the office stairs for any other purpose than subscribing to his journal."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

MR. CROOKS calculates that the force exerted by the sun's light is equal to thirty-two grains on the square foot, or fifty-seven tons on the square mile, or 3,000,000,000 tons on the whole earth, a repellant force which, but for the far more powerful attractive force of gravitation, would drive the earth off into space.

AN English inventor suggests that we dispose of the sewage of our cities by making gas of it. It is said that whereas it takes to produce nine thousand cubic feet of coal gas, a ton of the best English coal and a large quantity of furnace coal to maintain the requisite heat, to make nine thousand cubic feet of the proposed gas, it takes only one hundred and thirty-five pounds of furnace coal, and the necessary amount of sewage, which we may hope is very considerable. The cost of making a thousand feet of this gas is expected nowhere to exceed a shilling, and in most places to be as low as sixpence, sterling.

A SCIENTIFIC man who takes great interest in the subject of drainage, says: "Two-thirds of the miasmatic troubles in this city proceed from the kitchen sinks of the city houses. The sink drain gets clogged with grease and foul odors arise to the upper stories of the houses, and little, pale children inhale them all at night, until they have scarcely strength enough in the morning to put on their shoes and stockings." For want of a better remedy, a common brick placed over the aperture will nearly obviate the trouble, and it should be the duty of every sensible head of a family to see that it is regularly placed there.

BEST ANIMAL FOOD.—In a recent work on different foods physiologically considered, the author argues that the best animal food is the flesh of the sheep, and the best vegetable food that of or from wheat. The variety and proportion of the ingredients in a pound of wheaten flour furnish fair evidence of the value of this grain as a general ailment: Water, 2 ounces, 106 grains; gluten, 2 ounces, 21 grains; albumen, 129 grains; starch, 8 ounces, 242 grains; sugar, 355 grains; gum, 119 grains; ashes, (salts), 112 grains. Ingredients such as these, in the proportions peculiar to wheat, are admirably adapted to maintain the human body in health and vigor.

IT often happens that the ink with which old records were written, upon either paper or parchment, has faded and rendered the characters entirely undecipherable. It is well, therefore to know that such writings may easily be rendered legible by moistening the paper with water and then passing over the lines in writing, a brush which has been dipped in a solution of sulphide of ammonia. The writing will immediately appear quite dark in color; and this color, in the case of parchment, it will preserve. Records which were treated in this way in the Germanic Museum in Nuremberg, ten years ago, are still in the same condition as immediately after the application of the process. On paper, however, the color gradually fades again, but it may be restored at pleasure, by the application of the sulphide. The explanation of the action of this substance is very simple; the iron which enters into the composition of the ink is transformed by the reaction into the black sulphide.

IRISH WHISKY.—Irish, and especially Dublin whisky, when genuine, is prepared in old-fashioned stills called "pot" stills, by the distillation of a mash made partly from malted and partly from unmalted barley. The process of distillation is so managed as to bring over a product of the proper fineness, loaded with only so much essential oil as will undergo the desired changes within a reasonable time; and the new spirit is then stored in old sherry casks, from which it derives some additional flavor, and also its well-known yellowish tint—all distilled spirit being originally colorless—and it is kept in bond generally for about three years. By the end of that time, the fusel oil which it once contained has undergone conversion into other compounds, and the result—the real Dublin whisky—is a spirit singularly free from any tendency to produce acidity, and flavored in a manner highly esteemed by connoisseurs, by the products of the gradual and spontaneous decomposition of its fusel oil, which, although in itself noxious, is ultimately replaced by essences of a harmless character. From whisky made and treated as described, the bulk of the fusel oil generally disappears in about twelve months, although the spirit continues to undergo beneficial changes for a much longer period of time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The Eagle's Tribute. A Desperate Deed. Sadness and Mirth. Starting in Life. Acrostic. Saved, Yet Doomed. The Two Graves. The Test of Love.

W. A. L.—"*Rem, rem, quocunque modo, rem,*" signifies "wealth, wealth, anyway wealth;" that is, get it anyhow. A bad motto; we hope it is not yours.

ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS (Pittsburgh).—We thank you for your kind letter and for the information it contains. We confess we were made April Fools of in the matter of the sketch you allude to.

S. M. S. (Michigan).—We can make no sense out of your letter. Are you a young lady or a young gentleman? You ask one question as if from a lady, another as if from a gentleman, and then a third as from a lady.

L. C.—You don't hear the thunder as soon as you see the flash, because sound moves only at the rate of 1120 feet in a second, whereas light travels with inconceivable rapidity. A ray of light is seven minutes and a half in reaching the earth from the sun.

H. O. C.—You are not required to absent yourself from the house of a friend merely because you run the risk of meeting there a gentleman who has proved false, and whom you now do not keep company with or associate in any way. This would be tantamount to yielding him the victory. Keep your possession of the field, and let him sneak away.

M. A. O.—The manner in which you should commence a letter to a lady depends altogether upon your position towards her. If she is simply an acquaintance, you should address her as "Madam," whether she is married or single. From this general starting-point you can increase the familiarity and endearingness of your epithets according to circumstances.

G. H.—"A weight dropped from the masthead of a vessel sailing at the rate of ten miles an hour," or at any other rate for that matter, would strike the same place on the deck as it would were the vessel motionless. By examining your "Natural Philosophy," and looking at the chapter on resultant motion, you will find the matter fully set forth and illustrated with explanatory cuts.

J. D. (Philadelphia).—The public debt of the United States in the year 1850, under James Buchanan, was $64,842,287,85; it increased from that time, in Lincoln's administration, until in 1864 it was $1,815,784,370 57. The following year, 1865, it rose to $2,680,647,869.74, and in 1866, $2,773,236,173.69. From that time it has been steadily decreasing year by year, until the present time.

W. J. M.—It is never too late for a person to succeed in literary pursuits as a writer; age has nothing to do with it, providing the person has talents and opportunity for developing them. The age you mention, viz. 36, is certainly not too old for a man to make up for any disadvantages and misfortunes such as you have had to encounter, and if you have the "natural talent," we advise you by all means to cultivate them.

KATE A.—If our correspondent has any regard for her health, she will avoid the use of any wash or cosmetic; it is always dangerous to remove eruptions from the skin by what is popularly called driving them in; in most instances they are merely an evidence that nature is endeavoring to relieve herself of some morbid secretion by which she is oppressed, and in such a case, temperance, exercise and a dose of wholesome physic will be the best cosmetic, not perhaps to render the skin white, for a white skin generally indicates disease or weakness, but to cause it to be clean and healthy.

MINIMUS.—"Can you explain to me what the meaning of analogy is?" Analogy is a word compounded of two Greek words, *ana*, upwards, backwards, round or about, and *logizo*, to reason, and it means reasoning by comparison about anything, thus comparing it to something else. All poetry is analogy; thus men are called stars, or burning or shining lights, or donkeys, and hearts are called hard and soft, and some people are called screws. These are analogies. Analogy is the great fountain of richness for language and poetry, and the most beautiful of all thoughts and expressions are always analogical.

WINIFRED.—The husband should be the senior, certainly, but the difference of one year in favor of the wife need not of itself be any very serious objection. The fact of the young lady's education having been neglected, and her deficiencies in that respect were of course known to you when you began "courting" her, and now when you say you know you have won her love, and that she would make you a true and faithful wife, it is too late to be bringing up these deficiencies, and debating whether or not "with her limited education she would become embarrassed in company, which would be very unpleasant to you."

AKINS.—In order to settle the "big dispute" which you say is going on regarding the burial-place of De Soto, we will give you very briefly an account of how he was buried. In April, 1542, while attempting in vain to descend the banks of the Mississippi through the bayous and marshes, despending and almost heartbroken at recent reverses which he had sustained, he was seized with a malignant fever, and died on the seventh day, in the forty-second year of his age. He was first of all buried on a sandy plain near the encampment at the dead of night, but afterwards, fearing that his body might be disinterred and insulted by the hostile natives, it was taken up and sunk in the depths of the Mississippi, thus sleeping beneath the waters of the majestic river of which he was the discoverer.

LENI (Utah).—Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, in the year 599 B. C., who put an end to the kingdom, carried King Jehoiakim to Babylon, and established Zedekiah as his viceroy. That prince, however, making an attempt to re-establish the independence of his country, Jerusalem was again taken, razed to the ground, the temple demolished, and the people carried captive to the banks of the Euphrates. After the expiration of 70 years' captivity, Cyrus permitted them to return to Jerusalem and rebuild their temple. The temple was finally destroyed when Jerusalem was taken by Titus in the year 70 A. D., after a long siege. The city was utterly ruined and temple entirely demolished, though Titus exerted his utmost efforts to save that venerable edifice.

NO SCHOLAR.—Always ask for information when you don't understand anything. "*Semper idem*" and "*semper eadem*" mean "always the same;" the former phrase is of the masculine and neuter, the latter of the feminine gender. 2. "*Capias ad respondendum*" and "*capias ad satisfaciendum*" are two Latin phrases used in law. The former literally means, "You take to answer," and is a writ issuing to take the defendant for the purpose of making him answerable to the plaintiff. The other, meaning, "You take to satisfy," is a writ of execution after judgment, empowering the officer to take and detain the defendant until satisfaction is made to the plaintiff. The word "*capias*," which is now used to denote the whole class of writs by which a defendant's person is to be arrested, was the first word of distinctive significance in a writ when writs used to be framed in Latin.

K. L. (Ohio).—The art of wood engraving, that is of producing raised surfaces by excision on blocks of wood, from which impressions could be transferred to other surfaces, was undoubtedly known to the Egyptians, but they appear to have used them solely for the purpose of stamping on clay or other equally ductile material. The earliest application of wood engraving to the making up of a book is supposed to have been in China, about the middle of the 10th century. The art made great progress, until towards the close of the 15th century it had attained considerable celebrity, and artists of celebrity and talent selected it as the means of conveying their ideas to the world. From the end of the 16th century the art to a great extent declined, but at the close of the 17th century a Mr. Hewick devoted himself with enthusiasm to the art, and since then it has continued to flourish. 2. The mean depth of the ocean cannot be stated with any certainty, but four miles is generally estimated to be almost the mean depth. 3. "Why Frankfort was made capital of Kentucky, and not Louisville," we have never heard any reason assigned for; perhaps some of our readers can enlighten you on this point.

MISCELLANEOUS.—JOHN M.—We know of no way of "taking the nicotine out of tobacco when smoking it." C. C. K.—That is a question we could not answer, for very obvious reasons. J. ROBERTS.—There is no such chartered institution as the one you mention. VIOLINIST.—"Winner's" is the best book we know of. H. G. D.—You have not given us sufficient information to enable us to give you advice upon your questions. LUCY.—When a young lady is not strong, dancing should be indulged in very moderately, if, indeed, at all. S. R.—We have over and over again warned our readers against lotteries. The majority of them are frauds. F. G.—A young girl who flirts with two men and pretends to love them both, can love neither. Have nothing more to do with her. F. K.—First find out what the obstacle in your way is, and then you will know how to go to work to remove it. E. O. S.—A carriage wheel is an endless plane, and when performing a revolution every portion of it moves at exactly the same rate of speed. AMY.—White specks on the finger nails arise from impeded circulation. The saying that they indicate presents is an old woman's fable. ENIGMA.—We never heard of such a custom. It is probably only an eccentricity. GREENHORN.—A font of type consists of a number of pounds of assorted type. 2. A galley is a frame which receives the type from a composing-stick.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*